

The Sketch



No. 587.—VOL. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1904.

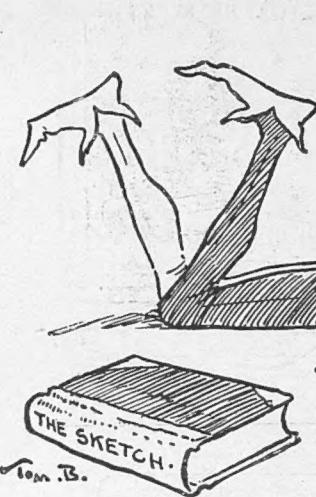
SIXPENCE.



MISS PAULINE CHASE,

THE YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, April 25.

KING SOL is never more welcome than in April. I think, too, that the clever old fellow knows it, for his smile is always brighter, his glance always more kindly at this time of the year than at any other. If you get up early enough, you may see him laughing, and I have been told by certain people whose inclinations keep them out of bed until daybreak that His Solar Majesty has even been caught in the act of executing a piroquette. It is a little unfortunate, by the way, that the Spring Poet is a person of such temperate habit. Were it not so, we might have been vouchsafed a lyrical description of this interesting Sun-dance. The change, I think, would have been pleasant, more particularly for those of us who are compelled, during the month of April, to sigh and die, think with love of one above, thrill at the sound of a trill, weep when we ought to be asleep, pray by night and dream by day of those who are ever so far away, and so on, and so on, from one end of the rhyming dictionary to the other. It would be waste of time for me to tell you how many pages of verse, beautifully type-written, have reached *The Sketch* office during the last three weeks; you would simply decline to believe my statement. It is the beautiful type-writing, of course, that encourages the Spring Poet to offer his wares for sale in the public mart. A type-written sonnet, to the uninitiated, is almost as convincing as a printed lie.

And that reminds me. I want to be priggish, if you will bear with me for one moment. I want to preach a little sermon, taking for my text the April smiles of King Sol. Have you ever noticed, dear friends, the strict impartiality with which he dispenses those smiles? Would he make any distinction, do you think, between the millionaire in the motor and the pauper in the park? Assuredly not, for his point of view is too lofty. Turn, I beg of you, to page 48 of this issue. What do you find there? Three children of Earth who have grown weary, it may be, in the struggle for existence. Their desire is towards rest, sleep, comfort, and so they turn them to the gentle breast of that sweet, calm mother of whom they were born and to whom they must soon return. Would you grudge them their hour of solace? Would you refuse to attend the Court of King Sol because he recognises the existence of these lowly ones? Would you write to the papers and call your fellow-man a "park pest"? Fie on you, my friends in black-cloth and sashes! The park was made for man, not man for the park. Let us try to learn, then, the lesson that is illumined for us with gleams of April sunshine. Let us cease to speak of our brother as a pest, always remembering that he who lounges least dies soonest. And the moral of that is, sleep while the sun shines.

In the course of a short but varied career, I can remember no more tantalising play than "The Rich Mrs. Repton," the new comedy by Mr. R. C. Carton produced at the Duke of York's Theatre last Wednesday evening. It reminded me, irresistibly, of those never-to-be-forgotten fairy-tales in which everybody with the least pretensions to the sympathy of the reader finally obtained the hand of a beautiful Princess and half a kingdom. Miss Compton, of course, played the part of the Good Fairy, and one was hard put to it, every now and then, to believe that she was not actually speaking in rhymed couplets. You will understand, therefore, that the part suited her to perfection, and I feel sure that even the most captious critic would admit that she played Mrs. Repton with a "sureness of touch." Mr. Dawson Milward, as the biggest man in the cast, naturally took the part of the Wicked Robber. The scene in which he was utterly routed by the Good Fairy delighted everybody, although, unless I am mistaken, the less sophisticated members of the audience rather expected a suggestion of distant thunder and a dash of forked lightning.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
(“Chicot”).

Messrs. A. E. Matthews and Dion Boucicault were the Good Fairy's especial favourites, and both of them, of course, got a frightful lot of money and all that before the end of the play. There was some little misunderstanding between them about the Beautiful Princess, but eventually Mr. Boucicault, as the older man, was allowed to give her up.

Undismayed by my retort in our last issue, "Dagonet" of the *Referee* is still crying out for a special tax on bachelors. He refuses to accept my suggestion that, in many cases, the state of bachelorhood is a state of martyrdom. "The greater number of young men," he declares, scornfully, "who can afford to get married and don't are actuated by purely selfish motives and want to live selfish lives. The bachelor from choice is neither a good citizen nor a good patriot." Well, here is an argument that has been doing faithful duty ever since marriage was invented. I am willing to grant the justice of it on one condition, namely, that "Dagonet" or any other Benedict will give me his word of honour that he took unto himself a wife not for selfish reasons, but because he desired to become a good citizen and a good patriot. I have not the slightest hope or fear that such an one will be forthcoming, for, even supposing that any man could manage to persuade himself that he married from patriotic motives, the mere admission would be sufficient to destroy entirely the serenity of his domestic life. And what store, I should like to know, would he set by his citizenship under such conditions as those?

Mr. Winston Churchill's strange breakdown in the House of Commons last Friday afternoon is still an interesting topic of conversation in political circles. Everybody, it seems, can account for the collapse, but the many explanations that have been offered are a little puzzling. In order, therefore, to put a stop to any further gossip, I may state that Mr. Churchill's apparent loss of memory was solely attributable to hypnotism. I am surprised that none of the Radical papers have thought of that, for the hypnotist in question was none other than their old and valued enemy, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Here is the account of the scene that appeared in my daily paper: "He had been speaking with all his wonted force and vigour, brightness of idea and freshness of expression, and that courage which leads him to make side-thrusts through the argument at the Government and Mr. Chamberlain. On the corner of the third bench, directly behind, Mr. Chamberlain was sitting watching him through half-closed eyelids, measuring, as it seemed, the force of this persistent, able young man who attracts all eyes in Parliament." Then followed a brief synopsis of Mr. Churchill's opening remarks. "This," the writer continued, "was Radicalism of the reddest type. Next, as free trader, he had a hit at Mr. Chamberlain, and *hard on the heels of that came collapse.*"

The italics are my own, and I feel sure that every Free Trader will agree with me that the use of them is justified. Nor will they fail to note that, even as a hypnotist, Mr. Chamberlain cannot conduct the business in a straightforward, gentlemanly manner. He must needs sit, if you please, behind his victim, obviously with intent to disarm suspicion. There is something peculiarly sinister, too, about those half-closed eyelids. I hope, for the sake of the Free Traders, that Mr. F. C. Gould will endeavour to record the baleful scene in one of his kind caricatures for the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Winston Churchill, of course, would be shown as a tiny, half-fledged nightingale, perched, not very securely, upon a Parliamentree twig, whilst Mr. Chamberlain, that slimy one, would figure as a serpent, fascinating the poor little songster by peering, through a malevolent eye-glass, at the back of his victim's head. The beak of the nightingale should be half-open, indicating that the melodious chirp has been suddenly arrested. Mr. Gould should be able to make something very telling out of this subject, more particularly when he comes to the half-closed eyelid as seen through a reptilian eye-glass.

THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

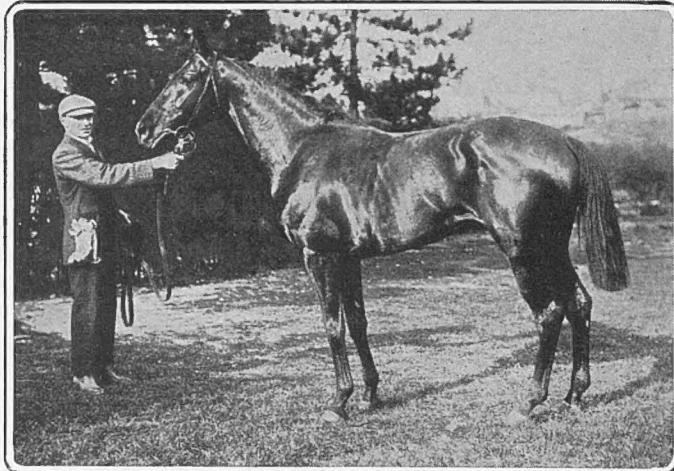


OUR ARTIST (MR. RALPH CLEAVER) SPENDS A POETIC DAY.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Coming Royal Guest—Colonel Power's Luck—The Japanese Club.

THE Austrian Emperor will, I am sure, receive a very hearty welcome from Clubland when he comes to London just before Ascot Week, for he has always been most gracious to those Englishmen whose official duties have taken them to Vienna, and he talks English very fluently. Since Queen Victoria passed away, the



LORD CARNARVON'S ROBERT LE DIABLE, WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

(See "The World of Sport," page 70.)

Emperor of Austria has become the *doyen* of Kings and Queens, and, as such, holds an accepted position as mentor and adviser. He is a Sovereign into whose life many tragedies have come, the deaths of the Empress Elizabeth and the Crown Prince Rudolph principal amongst them; but sorrow has made the Emperor kind, not morose, and he is a very gentle as well as a very wise monarch. I am quite sure that the officers of the Emperor's British regiment will be particularly glad to welcome their Colonel, for the German Emperor's regiment has of late years had most of the honour which comes from a Sovereign holding the honorary command, and the corps which boast the Austrian and Russian Emperors as their head have had few chances of marching past their commanders.

Colonel Harrison Power's great good luck at Monte Carlo is occupying the attention of the gossips in print, but whether the Colonel will be pleased that his luck with the cards and the little wheel should be noised abroad I doubt, for he is a serious financier, one of the heads of the great organisation which is to be a rival to the Crédit Lyonnais, and his "little flutters" for a few tens of thousands of pounds are the relaxations of a man who is accustomed to risk hundreds of thousands daily in serious speculations. When I was at Monte Carlo this year, Colonel Power was not playing highly; indeed, I saw him walking about the rooms abstractedly with a handful of gold, and he laughed when my companion suggested that he was playing. I once saw him win what would have been a fortune to a poor man at Biarritz. He was playing baccarat, holding the bank occasionally, but more often allowing someone else to buy it, and then staking against the bank the full amount of capital which the banker had on the board. It was quite evident that the fat wad of notes and the rouleaux of gold were only counters to the Colonel as he played, and that his interest was in the turns the game took, not as to his winnings or his losings at any moment.

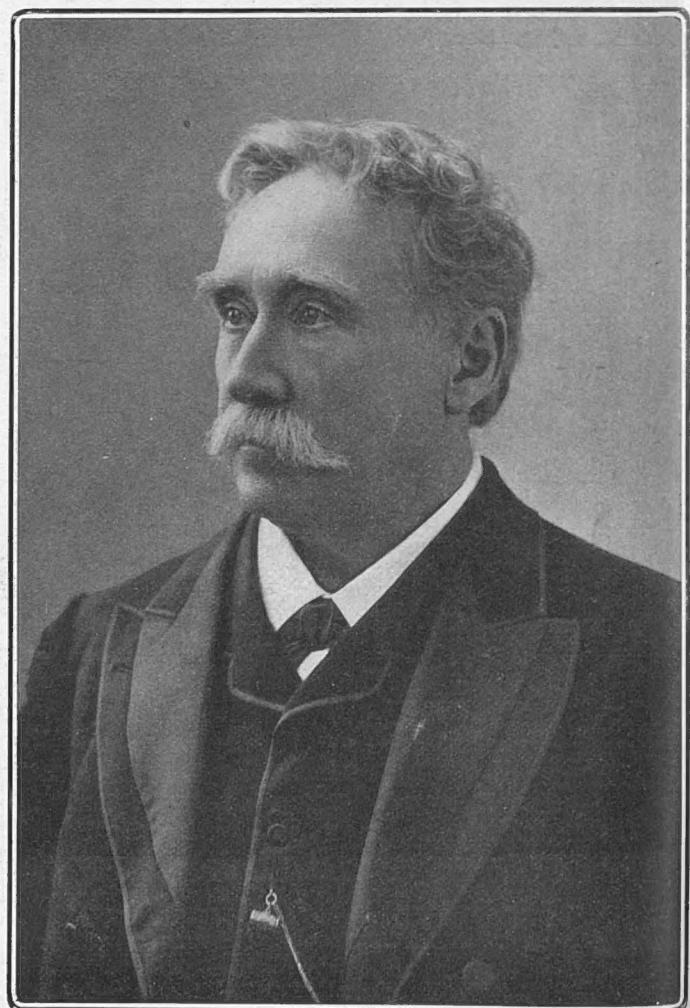
Generally, the winnings of lucky players at Monte Carlo are greatly exaggerated, and I should not be at all surprised to learn that the seventy thousand pounds Colonel Power is supposed to have won at Monte Carlo and to have sent to America should be really divided by ten. I am told that the Englishman who was reported to have won many thousands of pounds this spring at *rouge-et-noir* does not acknowledge himself to have become as rich as his friends fondly believe. Of course, the Administration of the Monte Carlo Casino is interested in spreading abroad the report of any sensational win at the tables, for it acts like a trumpet-call and rouses the real gambler from his lair in whatever part of Europe he may be.

London appears to be mildly astonished that the Japanese in our midst have established their own Club in the joyful neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and that there they eat the dishes of their own country cooked by one of their own countrymen. We are quite used to setting down little dots of Great Britain in foreign places and calling them "The English Club," and we scarcely think that outlanders can better that sacred institution by any innovations of their own. How conservative the Englishman is in Club matters I really appreciated when I went to Florence to stay, many winters ago. The British Club was then a flourishing institution there, and, when I walked into it, I thought that I must suddenly have been translated to Piccadilly, for it was a miniature Naval and Military Club. The Honorary Secretary, a retired officer, had taken the famous Club which flourishes in

Lord Palmerston's old house as model, and in everything—notepaper, dinner-bills, even the stone match-boxes—the little Club in the Italian town had copied the London one. That English Club has vanished, and the Briton in Florence is now made a member of the Club in the great Square, unless Club matters have changed since I last visited the town on the Arno.

JOHN COLEMAN.

"HONEST JOHN" COLEMAN, who has died at the ripe age of seventy-three, was one of the many actors of the old school who might almost be said to have been brought up on the stage. The glamour of the footlights attracted him from an early age, and only the cool reception he experienced at the hands of Macready, who could not be persuaded to see in him a second "Infant Roscius," prevented him from treading the boards at the age of fourteen. As it was, he received the whipping he deserved for running away from his home in the North, and was apprenticed to an architect and surveyor. Neither the T-square nor the chain appealed to him, however, and barely a year after his first escapade the stage again conquered, and he secured an engagement as "utility" at the Leicester Theatre at a guinea a-week. His precocity knew no bounds: first a strolling player in Scotland and Ireland, he next joined "The Wizard of the North"; at eighteen was light-comedian at Manchester and Liverpool; then chief tragedian at Bath and Bristol, where he was Othello to Macready's Iago; and subsequently a member of various touring Companies. His ambition was, in truth, to play many parts, and before he had attained his majority he had appeared as Romeo and Orlando to Helen Faucit's Juliet and Rosalind, and as Claude Melnotte and Charles Surface to the same actress Pauline and Lady Teazle. As manager he was identified with a number of touring Companies; as actor he was associated with amongst others, Macready, the Keans, Buckstone, Helen Faucit, and Charlotte Cushman; as playwright, he was responsible—alone and in collaboration—for over a hundred plays, and acted as pen-mate to Charles Reade, Tom Taylor, and Robert Buchanan; as writer, he was chiefly known by "Curly," "The Rival Queens," and, in "heavier" literature, by his memoirs of Reade and Samuel Phelps. His star was by no means consistently in the ascendant: "The Shadow of the Sword" failed dismally at the Olympic, and equally, if not more, disastrous was his season at the Queen's, Long Acre, where he had Salvini as his lead, and his production of "Henry V." with himself as King, and Phelps as Henry IV. in the prologue. Probably his last appearance was as the Prime Minister in a Company touring with "The Price of Peace." Essentially an actor of the old school, he was little known to the present generation, but, even to it, his death means the loss of a good friend, whose frankness and optimism were alike unquenchable.



THE LATE MR. JOHN COLEMAN.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

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A new Dining Car Express will leave Euston at 6 p.m., calling at Stockport only, arriving at Manchester (London Road) at 9.30 p.m., performing the journey in 3½ hours.

The 12 noon Luncheon Car Express from Manchester (London Road) will leave at 12.10 noon, and be accelerated to arrive at Euston at 4 p.m.

The 2 p.m. Express from Liverpool (Lime Street) will leave at 2.5 p.m., and be accelerated to arrive Euston at 6.15 p.m.

The 2.10 p.m. Express from Manchester (London Road) will be accelerated to arrive Euston at 6.15 p.m.

The 4.45 p.m. Dining Car Express from Lime Street will be accelerated to arrive Euston at 8.10 p.m.

The 4.15 p.m. Dining Car Express from Manchester (London Road) will leave at 4.10 p.m., call at Stockport only, and arrive Euston 7.40 p.m., performing the journey in 3½ hours.

SUNDAYS.—The 5.30 p.m. Dining Car Express from Euston on Sundays will leave at 6 p.m., arriving Manchester (London Road) at 9.45 p.m., and Liverpool (Lime Street) at 10 p.m.

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The 6.30 p.m., Euston to Holyhead, will leave at 7.30 p.m., arriving Holyhead 1.15 a.m. Passengers will arrive Greenore 6 a.m. and Belfast 7.40 a.m., the Service being improved by an hour and ten minutes on the throughout journey from London to Belfast.

The 6.30 p.m., Belfast to Greenore, will leave at 6.45 p.m., and the 8.10 p.m. Steamer, Greenore to Holyhead, will leave at 8.20 p.m., connecting with the 2 a.m. Sleeping Car Express from Holyhead, which will be accelerated to arrive Euston 7.30 a.m. VIA FLEETWOOD.

The 5.30 p.m. Express from Euston, instead of the 5.35 p.m., will convey passengers for Fleetwood, and Belfast and Ireland via Fleetwood.

The 5.45 p.m. Express from Fleetwood (in connection with the 8.30 p.m. Steamer from Belfast) will call at Warrington to set down passengers from Ireland, and be accelerated to arrive Euston 10.50 a.m.

FURTHER TRAIN ALTERATIONS.

The 10.15 a.m., Euston to Crewe, will call at Northampton in addition to present stoppages. The 12.30 noon Express, Euston to Birmingham and to Manchester via Stoke, will leave at 12.15 noon.

A new Express Train will leave Euston at 12.10 noon for Chester and Birkenhead.

The 5 p.m., Euston to Rugby, will travel via Weedon instead of via Northampton, and call at Blisworth and Weedon.

The 5.35 p.m., Euston to Crewe, &c., will travel via Northampton, and call there and at Stafford, in addition to present stoppages.

The 5.30 p.m., Euston to Crewe, will convey a carriage for Buxton, which will be slipped at Nuneaton, and the Buxton carriage on the 5.35 p.m. from Euston will be discontinued.

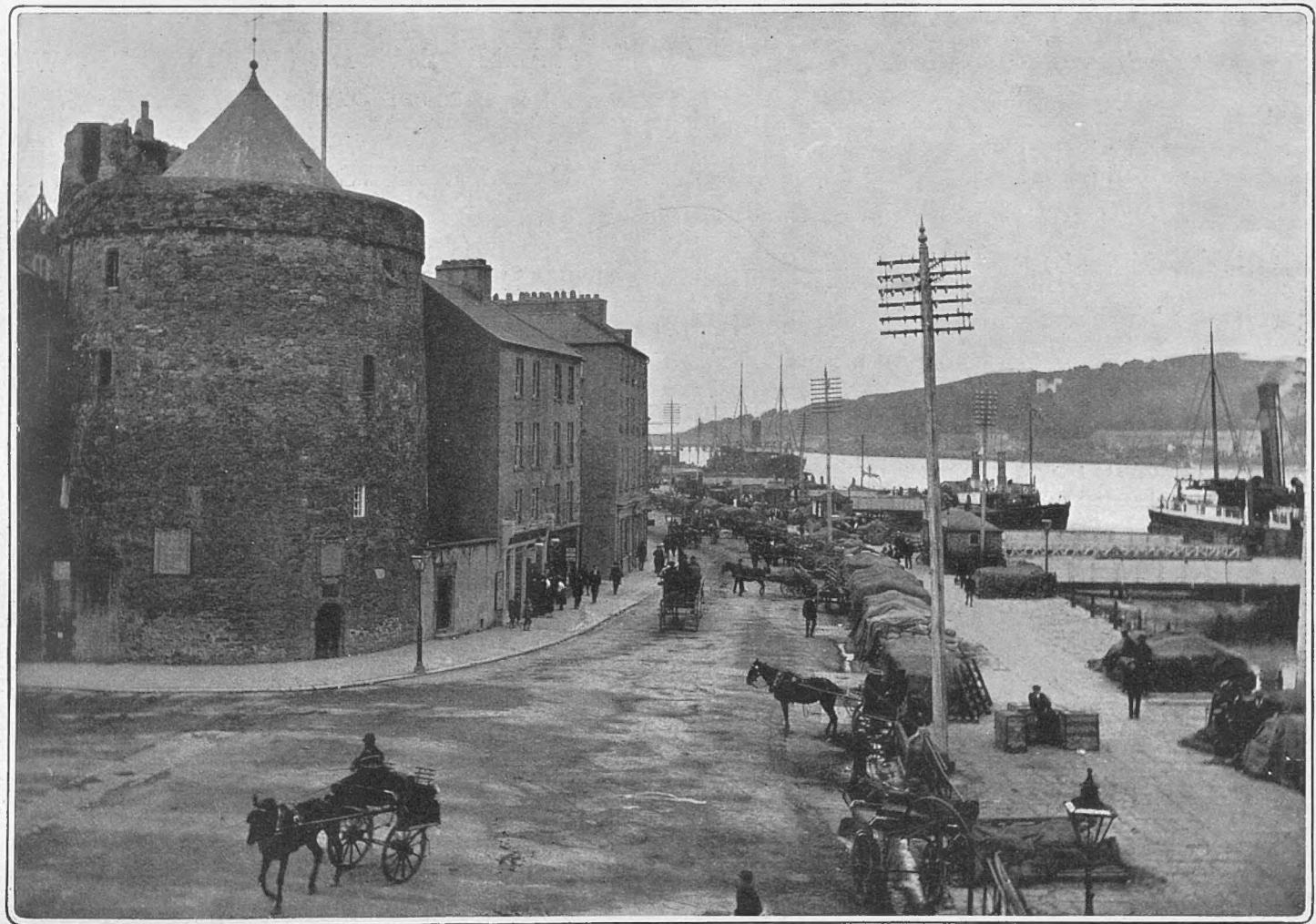
The 6.30 p.m., London to Rugby and Stafford, will be discontinued.

The 7 p.m., Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will call at Rugby in addition to present stoppages.

May 1904.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

Mrs. Rupert Beckett.

Mrs. Rupert Beckett is thought by

many people to be the loveliest of the twentieth-century hostesses. She was born one of the favoured Pagets, and is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Berkeley Paget. She was, perhaps, the prettiest of the girl-beauties who made their débuts in the later 'nineties, and she married Mr. Rupert Beckett at the end of her first Season. There are two Mrs. Becketts who play a great rôle in Society, the other being Mrs. Gervase Beckett, the only sister of Lord Helmsley. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett are very popular in Yorkshire. Their beautiful place, "The Lodge," is situated near Doncaster.

The New "K.G." The King of Württemberg, whom the Prince of Wales has just invested with the Order of the Garter, would have been a "K.G." some months ago had he not been prevented by ill-health from attending the marriage of Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck. The King is one of the most popular and agreeable of German Sovereigns, and the husband of the loveliest of Continental Queens. It is hoped that the King and Queen of Württemberg will pay a short visit to London this Season. The Princess of Wales must have enjoyed her stay at Stuttgart, with which town her late father had many associations.

the late Queen of Denmark, knew what it was to be poor, and one of the things that endeared them so much to their people was the stately yet perfectly simple and unostentatious dignity of their Court. Our own King, though no one has a greater appreciation of Royal pomp and circumstance on occasion, is, nevertheless, delighted to escape to this quiet corner of Europe and mix in perfect freedom with the kinsfolk of his beloved Consort. A pleasing incident of the Royal stay was the King's visit to the Copenhagen Riding-school, in which the aged Sovereign of Denmark and the Crown Prince take so personal an interest. Our Queen's fellow countrymen and countrywomen are greatly famed for their daring and graceful horsemanship, and this is owing in no small measure to the practical way in which this famous Riding-school is managed.

A Ducal Viceroy? It is rumoured that the Duke of Sutherland, who has been making a short stay in Canada, may be selected to succeed Lord Minto as ruler of that portion of Greater Britain. This would indeed be a popular appointment. The Duke is a first-rate sportsman, and his lovely Duchess possesses more than her full share of the tact and amiability which add so great a charm to feminine beauty. Considering how remarkable a man this great Scottish nobleman is known to be, it is strange that he has hitherto played so small a part in public affairs. To be Governor-General of Canada is to hold one of the great outposts of the Empire, and the fact that there has always been so close a connection between France and Scotland would make the Duke of Sutherland specially welcome and popular in Quebec and Montreal.

A Nation's Birthday Greetings. Last Thursday "The Baroness," as she is known to a multitude of friends, received congratulations from every quarter of the Empire on her ninetieth birthday. No Englishwoman, with, perhaps, the one exception of Miss Florence Nightingale, stands higher in the estimation of her fellow countrymen and countrywomen. Both in the matter of private and of public munificence she has set an example to every millionaire of the civilised world. Some idea of how long and eventful has been the life of this venerable Peeress may be gathered from the following little story. The great Duke of Wellington seems to many modern folk almost as remote a figure in history as "handsome John Churchill," and yet it was at one time currently rumoured in London Society that he was about to lead Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts to the altar. Some friend, greatly daring, ventured to ask the famous soldier if this was indeed true, and received as answer, "I said she deserved to be a Duchess; I did not say I would make her one." When the same friend, even more indiscreetly, repeated this to the young lady in question, the latter observed quietly, "I think he ought to have said could, not would."



MRS. RUPERT BECKETT, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN LONDON SOCIETY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Our Imperial Guests.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, who have been making a short stay in this country, visiting private friends and seeing something of their many British relations, are doubly related to our Sovereign, as Prince Henry is the second son of the late Empress Frederick, and the Princess one of the many good-looking and clever daughters of the late Princess Alice. Their Imperial Highnesses are very fond of England, and they often entertain English friends in their romantic old castle at Kiel, the Portsmouth of Prussia. They lately had the terrible grief of losing their youngest child, a beautiful little boy, from an accident, and it was partly in order to have the thorough change of which they were so much in need that they came over to England. They were both most painfully impressed by the tragic fate of Admiral Makaroff, as Princess Henry is the favourite sister of the Empress of Russia.

The Budget. The surprise of the Budget was an addition of twopence to the duty on tea. Everybody was prepared for the extra penny on the income-tax, and although, of course, there was a grumble, it was regarded as inevitable. The extra duties on tobacco excited interest, but no strong feeling. Non-smokers laughed cheerily when they heard of an increase of

Ex-Chancellors. All the old Budget-makers were present to witness the performance of the young Chancellor. Lord Goschen looked with pride on Mr. Austen Chamberlain, seeing that the latter served an official apprenticeship to him at the Admiralty. Sir William Harcourt, as an old friend of his father, watched him across the table with a benignant air, but did not join in the discussion that day. The speeches of Mr. Ritchie and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were quite friendly in tone. They approved of the Budget because it did not embody the preferential doctrines of the elder Mr. Chamberlain. These, however, as he himself said, he had no intention of bringing forward as practical subjects for the present Parliament.

The Licensing Bill. Gossips have said that the Government had great difficulty in framing their Licensing Bill. The product of their deliberations proved better than their candid friends had expected. Its main principle has received the support of the brewers, and it has avoided offence to the Magistrates on the Conservative side. Authority is given to Quarter Sessions—and in large boroughs to the Magistrates with the Recorder—to reduce the number of licensed houses, on grounds of public policy. In such cases the dispossessed licensee is to receive compensation, the compensation fund being provided by a duty raised on all licensed



PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Photographs by Schaarwächter, Berlin

sixpence the pound on foreign cigars and a shilling on foreign cigarettes. Perhaps the Protectionists would have preferred the reimposition of the corn-tax to the additional tea-duty, and certainly a strong resistance to the extra twopence is threatened by the Liberals.

The Chancellor. Mr. Austen Chamberlain restored his own reputation by his Budget speech. It was admitted that his proposals were straightforward, and he presented them to the House in a simple, lucid manner. He is very orderly in his habits. His notes were done up in neat little bundles in a red despatch-box, and during his speech there was no floundering or searching for figures. He paused only to take a sip of water. Chancellors, as a rule, fortify themselves with something stronger, but Mr. Austen Chamberlain has the health and strength of young middle-age.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Father and son divided the attention of the House of Commons on Budget-day. Mr. Chamberlain, on returning from his tour in time to hear the Chancellor's statement, was cheered enthusiastically by Unionists. He did not look so well as he had been reported to be, the excitement of recent times having left its mark upon him, but he was very keen and bright in manner, and shook hands and chatted with all sorts of members. Evidently he felt unbeaten. He listened closely to his son's speech, which must have given him great pleasure, and he had the satisfaction of hearing it complimented on both sides.

houses. If the maximum powers provided by the Bill are exercised, the fund will yield fully one million a-year.

Temperance advocates on the Liberal side denounced the scheme because it lessened the discretion of the local Magistrates, and, as they contended, raised the value of public-houses. They held that compensation should be a matter for the trade alone and should be paid without the intervention of the State. On the other hand, the brewers' spokesmen, while approving the principle of the Bill, hinted that too heavy a tax was being placed upon the licensed houses. The Prime Minister was very caustic in his comments on the temperance opponents of the measure. He declared that in many cases love of temperance was a polite name for hatred of the publican.

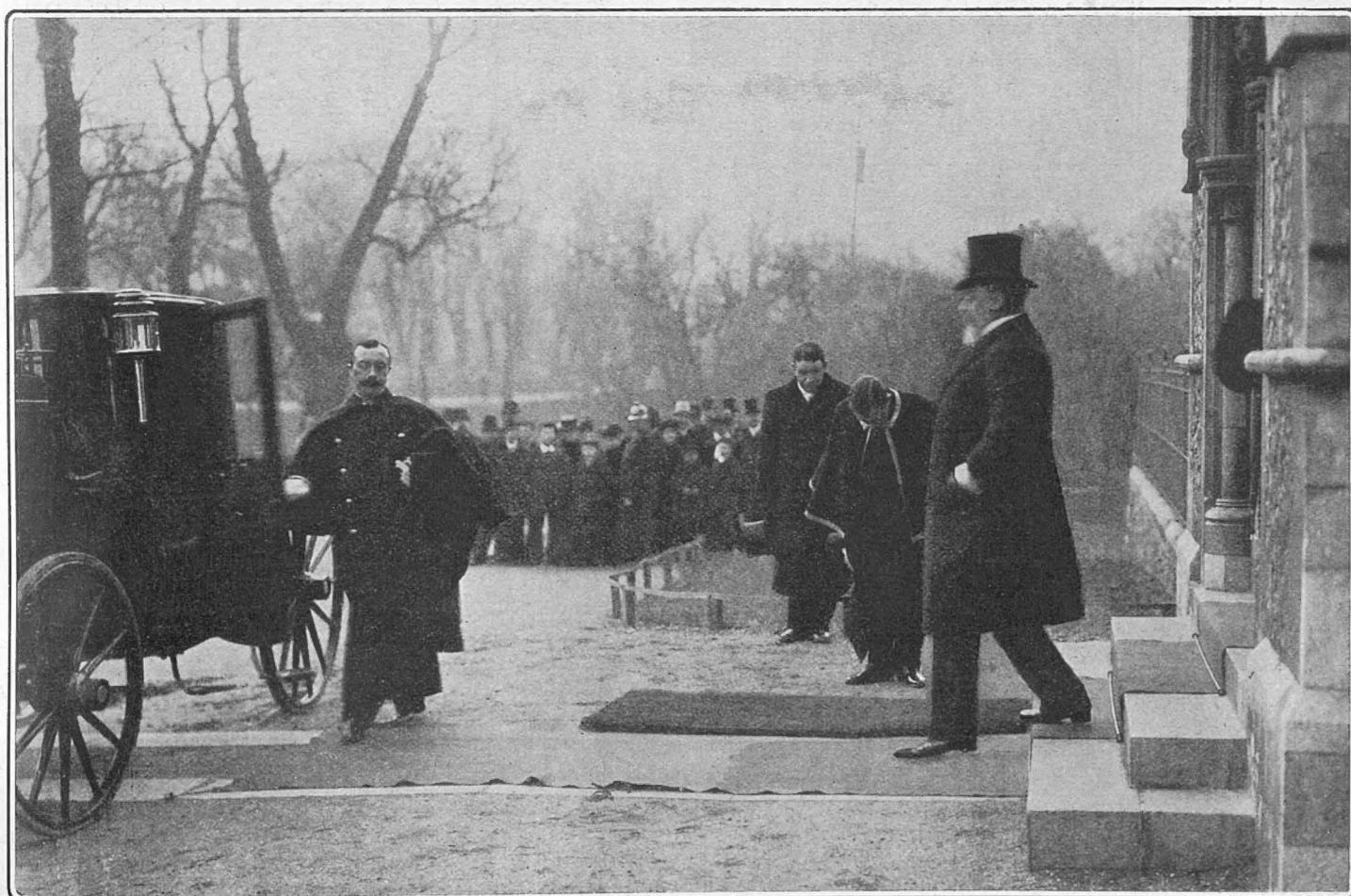
A Strange Coincidence.

The sinking of the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk* occurred on April 13, and it was just half a century ago, day for day, namely, on April 13, 1854, that Japan signed the Treaty with Russia which opened her ports to the ships of the Czar. Fifty years ago, Japan was an isolated Power which had hardly any dealings whatever with the Western nations, and was only just making, much against her will, acquaintance with the peoples whose civilisation and methods of warfare she was so cleverly to assimilate in the coming half-century. To Russian statesmen it must seem almost incredible that such a change should have taken place between April 13, 1854, and April 13, 1904.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND TO COPENHAGEN.



THE KING, WITH THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, LEAVING THE DANISH MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.

The Motor-car was lent by the Secretary of the Russian Legation.

THE KING LEAVING THE ENGLISH CHURCH AFTER DIVINE SERVICE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 17.

A Warwickshire Hostess.

Shakspeare's county is particularly rich in splendid country-seats and in delightful hostesses. Among these latter, the lady who enjoys the widest local popularity is Lady Willoughby de Broke, whose marriage to her distinguished husband took place the year that he, as Mr. Greville Verney, was elected M.P. for the Rugby Division of Warwickshire. Compton Verney, Lord Willoughby de Broke's famous country-seat, is generally let by its owner, and he and his wife and little son and heir reside at Kineton House, famed among British sportsmen and riders to hounds all the world over, for there for upwards of thirty consecutive years the Warwickshire Hunt has had its headquarters, and there also many of the most noted hounds in the kingdom have been born and bred, Kineton Hounds ever doing wonders in the Show Ring. Lady Willoughby de Broke shares her husband's enthusiasm for sport.

Truly the ways of Presidents of the Republic in these modern days are not as those of other men, and at the latest novelty in State receptions which the Italians have been preparing for M. Loubet's visit to Rome the boulevardiers of Paris have laughed so heartily and consumedly that nobody can now say "skeleton" without a helpless and apologetic giggle (writes our Correspondent). The skeleton which makes folks here hilarious is one which, by the time these lines appear in print, unless between now and then the date be changed, M. Loubet, under the tutelary eye of Major Boni, will have "*discovered*"—pardon the italics and inverted commas, which are the comment Paris makes upon the word—in the Forum. A search in the Forum is, I understand, a necessary adjunct of every official visit to Rome. A Crowned Head or Chief of a Republican State may or may not neglect to call upon His Holiness the Pope, but he is bound to search the Forum. Finding anything there is something of a novelty, however, except such trifles as are vases with a coin or two, which any mere American can have at his call if he employ a guide who knows his business, and M. Loubet's lead in skeletons is certainly original, if nothing else.

A Rival Idea. There was, I understand, a rival idea put forward, with a view to allowing M. Loubet to discover the real and identical Pit of Quintus Curtius; but it was explained that it might play tricks again, mistake the French President for a real Roman, and that the French Republic would not like it much if M. Loubet disappeared within it. "Evviva, donc, il skeleton!" I am not sure that this is good Italian, but, at any rate, it is the pet saying on the Boulevards just now.

The Marchand Case.

What the French Government will have decided to do with Lieutenant-Colonel Marchand by the time these lines appear in print, I do not know; but at the time I write them the gallant Colonel is under a month's arrest, and, until that arrest is over, he will receive no answer to the

letter in which he sent his resignation from the Army he adorns to General André, Minister of War. You must not, though, imagine Colonel Marchand languishing in a foul dungeon, or even confined to a stuffy room, during this glorious weather. His arrest merely means that he may not, during the thirty days it lasts, change his address without especial leave, nor receive any friends or relatives excepting such as live in the same house with him. I take it that the gallant Colonel has in his time had bigger hardships than are these to undergo, and I should not be much surprised if he were thinking that a few days of self-imposed arrest before he wrote his angry letters to the *Patrie* and the *Libre Parole* would have been by no means a bad idea. As matters stand, the general opinion is that he will, when his thirty days' disgrace are over, himself withdraw his resignation, and that the War

Office will smilingly pass over his explosion of bad temper, as it has passed over other things of the same kind before.

I saw the "Sugar Man," as the *camelots* call him, first in front of the Grand Opéra, where he was gazing at the still unfinished Métro Station. With the close-shaven face and the primly British garb he wore, he might by anybody who did not know his Paris better have been taken for a Londoner on his first visit here. But he was evidently no tripper, for every third person who passed by him knew him, nodded and smiled, stretched out a hand, or raised his hat in greeting. The man paid little attention. A cab drew up to the pavement, and the man's hand went into the pocket of his cloak. Out came a piece of sugar, and the horse whinnied "Thank you." Another cab-horse and another piece of sugar, and then one happy beast—the driver was asleep upon his box and quaint to look upon—got two. Down the Avenue de l'Opéra, distributing smiles, sugar, and hat-greetings as he went, strolled the man in the cloak, with the red ribbon (did I mention the red ribbon?) in the buttonhole, and, as he reached the door of the Théâtre-Français, out of the theatre a lady came, with a small dog upon her arm. I knew the lady well enough by

sight. Most people on this side the Channel would, I believe, know Madame Julia Bartet well enough, particularly if they saw her coming out of the Français, and the man in the decorated cloak knew her to talk to. The dog, too, knew him, and whined till Madame Bartet put him down just low enough to reach the sugar-pocket. His head came piteous and disappointed from it though, and Coquelin *cadet*, with a laugh, dashed right across the road and back again to get a piece of sugar for the dog. "I came away with twenty pieces, and they have gone in the two hours," he said. And Madame Bartet smiled, for the same incident occurs three days a-week, and Coquelin always wonders when his stock of sugar is exhausted.

Mr. Louis Arens. Mr. Louis Arens, who will be remembered as having sung the rôle of Lohengrin in London during last year's Opera Season, has now been engaged by His Excellency the General Intendant to sing that part in Wiesbaden, and for that purpose will leave London next week.



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, A DISTINGUISHED WARWICKSHIRE HOSTESS.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

Miss Cecily Horner. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but each Season sees the appearance on the social scene of some débutante who may claim to be, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, the reigning belle. Last year, this pleasant distinction was accorded by universal consent to Miss Cecily Horner, the lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horner, of



MISS CECILY HORNER, THE REIGNING BELLE OF THE LAST LONDON SEASON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

Mells Park, Somerset. Miss Horner acted as bridesmaid at several of the smartest weddings held during the last twelve months, and she was the most beautiful of Lady Marjorie Greville's attendant maidens on the occasion of the latter's marriage to Lord Helmsley. Mr. and Mrs. Horner, who are much in political society, often entertain large parties of distinguished men and women at Mells Park, an estate which has been in the Horner family for close on five hundred years, and Miss Horner, together with her younger sister, Miss Katherine Horner, has thus had numerous opportunities of meeting the most interesting and remarkable people of her time.

The Emperor Francis Joseph. It is so seldom that the Emperor of Austria has been to England in the course of his long life that his visit to London this summer will be a more than usually interesting event. The Emperor will arrive in England about June 23, and will be the guest of the King at Buckingham Palace. He will spend nearly all his time in London, and will go down to Windsor only for a day. He will lunch with the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall, and, in all probability, a gala performance at the Opera will be given in his honour, but the details of the visit will be fixed during the stay of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph is one of the most interesting figures in Europe, and he is sure of a very hearty welcome in England, where he has many admirers.

A Find of Rare Coins. A discovery which is of the greatest interest to numismatists has been made in Tunis, where a hoard of sixty-two gold coins has been discovered at Sousse, about thirty centimètres below the mosaic pavement which was recently uncovered. The coins comprise one bearing the double effigy of Justin and Justinian, who reigned together in 527 A.D. This is the most valuable coin of the collection and is extremely rare. There are also eleven coins of Anastasius, 491-518; nineteen coins of Justin, 518-527; and thirty-one of Justinian, 527-565. All of these gold pieces of the Byzantine Empire show signs of much use, and they will be deposited in the Museum of the Bardo.

The Master of the Lists. All those who have been accustomed to visit the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall will have heard with much regret of the death of Honorary Major C. H. Burt in a carriage-accident in Piccadilly last week. Major Burt was the Riding-Master of the 2nd Life Guards, and for some four or five years past had been the principal figure at the Royal Military Tournament, where his

commanding presence was conspicuous in the judges' box as he marshalled the performers in the arena. He was, perhaps, better known to the spectators than any other official, and those who had to do with him in his capacity as Master of the Tournament owed him much for the goodwill with which he did his utmost to help them. In the words of one of his brother officers, he was "one of the best."

Grand Dukes—True and False. England has now become in a very real sense "the Playground of Princes," and this fact is taken advantage of by unscrupulous adventurers far more often than is generally known. Occasionally these cases come into the Police Courts, and this happened last week, apropos of the individual who enjoyed a brief and costly sojourn at the Carlton—costly for the Carlton, I mean—posing as the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a few of whose visiting-cards he had somehow managed to procure. Meanwhile, one of the charming and cultivated German Princes, the Landgrave of Hesse, most successful of Royal musical composers, has been making a long stay in England, being munificently entertained both in London and in the country. It is rumoured that His Royal Highness has come here to seek a wife. If this be indeed so, he will but be following the excellent example of several members of his family.

Americans and the Season. America, in a social sense, will loom very large during the coming Season. It is said that Mr. Astor will give several great entertainments, including at least two of the musical parties for which he is justly famed. Then, most of those connected with the American Embassy are notable entertainers, and it may be doubted if there is at the present moment another such popular couple in the great world as Mr. and Mrs. Choate. The fact that Lady Curzon is in London much strengthens the Anglo-American section of *le Monde où l'on s'Amuse*, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan is believed by his friends to be going to do great things in the huge house which he has had arranged to hold some of his artistic treasures at Prince's Gate.

An Ancient Art. Paris has been much thrilled by the advent of the crocodile-tamer, M. Vernelet. The taming of reptiles is one of the most ancient of arts, and, doubtless, Cleopatra herself, "the Serpent of old Nile," watched crocodiles and lizards succumbing to the spells of the Egyptian seers. The remarkable-looking man who has provided the Parisian with a new sensation early discovered his power over the brute creation, and he chose reptiles as his special pets because the field was still comparatively open. The famous lion-tamers and tiger-charmers of the world have generally been French, but snake-charmers come from India and the East.



M. VERNELET, THE FAMOUS CROCODILE-TAMER.

Photograph by Gerschel, Paris.

One difficulty found by all animal-specialists is that of keeping their valuable dumb friends in health, but, fortunately for M. Vernelet, crocodiles are tough creatures and are not over-sensitive—indeed, they seem to bear complacently the gaze of an admiring public.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THERE is a soul of goodness in things evil. My morning paper has emphasised the fact in the past week. It published an extract from a Russian journal dealing with one of the Port Arthur disasters: "We have lost Makaroff and his Staff, the *Petropavlovsk* and its crew; the *Pobieda* narrowly escaped destruction, but, by the unspeakable mercy of Providence, the Grand Duke Cyril has been preserved to us." I have read daily papers for some fifteen years, quite regularly for the greater part of the time, and I have never noted a sentence through which the lowest class of snob stood so clearly revealed. I suppose it would never occur to the mind owned by such a journalistic flunkey that the same Providence that saved the fortunate Grand Duke sent to their grave hundreds of men more useful to the State. At the side of the blood-curdling sentence I have quoted, Admiral Togo's declaration that the Japanese owed their comparative immunity to the Sovereign's remarkable virtues is modest and pleasing. But even this will reflect awkwardly upon the Mikado in case Japan meets with a defeat.

"'The Czar' and 'The Pope' have been sent to Mr. W. I'Anson, at Malton, to be trained for their engagements," said our sporting companion, quoting from his daily paper, and his remark reminded me that I know Malton fairly well. It is in Yorkshire, midway between York and Scarborough, a very breezy place, famous for its downs and training-stables. I could not help thinking that both Pope and Czar might be better off at Malton than where they are. After next month, the Pope must leave the Palace of the Vatican and retire to the summer-house in the grounds, and that is a very hot and stifling place even in May. What it must be like from June to October I can't imagine. Malton is far healthier, and I'm sure His Holiness would like it better.

I can't help feeling fairly sure, too, that Czar Nicholas would be glad to leave Anarchists, Grand Dukes, Secret Police, and special messengers with news from the seat of war, and spend a few months on the downs at Malton. He would be improved in health and spirits, and, left to his own devices, might even telegraph to the Mikado to say he had been badly advised and would retire from Manchuria, provided that the Chinese and Japanese authorities would accept MM. Alexeieff and Bezobrazoff and keep them there permanently. I expressed these thoughts for the sportsman's benefit. He said, in all seriousness, that he didn't know anything about Alexeieff and Bezobrazoff, and asked who owned them. Then I asked if he read the war-news, and he replied that he knew there was a war "out in Japan," but didn't "bother much about it."

A morning paper suggests quite indirectly a very fine device for the benefit of hard-up folk who must travel by rail. If you find a train overcrowded, says the paper's correspondent, hand the ticket-collector a written statement that, as your carriage was overfull, you decline to give him your ticket, your name, or your address. The railway people

must submit, and in the course of time there shall be no more overcrowding. This is most reasonable. Say you wish to travel to the tenth station on the line, all you have to do is to take a ticket to the first, and choose one of the trains that receives the press of businessmen. You help to overcrowd it with the aid of your ticket to the first station, and travel free as a martyr for the remaining nine. The only real sufferer is the season-ticket holder. The Company holds his money in advance, and can pack him and his fellows like sardines or herrings if it so pleases. Doubtless many of the morning paper's readers will jump at the suggestion of its gifted correspondent.

A paragraph copied from a French journal into a daily paper assures the world at large that the Czar is about to lend his country a private fortune of eighty million pounds that he keeps in a foreign bank. I wonder whether this fortune has any existence outside the foreign journal's imagination. If it has, two suggestions occur to me. First, the business or profession of Czar must be more profitable than it is supposed to be; and, secondly, there cannot be much Russian faith in home-made banks. Of course, the story is a *canard*. If these fabulous fortunes did exist, the Czar would have made a better investment by giving the Russian War Party a consideration to agree to the maintenance of peace.

There is something rather naïve about the Russian official announcement that War Correspondents using wireless telegraphy from boats will be treated as spies. Only one boat is worked in this fashion, and it is in the service of the *Times* in England and the *New York Times* in the States. Obviously the Russian officials are seeking to trouble two papers notoriously opposed to them. Since St. Petersburg expelled Mr. Braham, the *Times* has had no lack of news from the Russian capital, and it has not been of the sort that the authorities care to see circulated. Their present action, though nominally directed against all Correspondents, aims only at the *Haimun* and its industrious crew.

I am reminded of the story of the men who were playing cards. One of them had but one eye, and a quite suspicious number of trumps. His luck was really phenomenal. At last, one of the losers could stand it no longer. "I don't wish to make personal remarks," he said, "or mention any gentleman by name, but I suspect the play of one of the company, and, if I find my suspicions justified, I'll knock his other eye out."

Messrs. Isaac Pitman and Son, who have taken over the business of Isbister, are arranging to pay all authors their royalties in full. They intend to develop *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, periodicals famous in their day, but somewhat less known of late. The business will be conducted in the old place and under the old name, and it can hardly be doubted that under the new auspices it will become a leading publishing house.



THE RETURN OF THE SUN: SOME SNAPSHOTS IN THE GREEN PARK.

PEACE AND WAR: TWO SIGNIFICANT PHOTOGRAPHS.

M. J. Knecht
(Secretary-Archivist).M. A. de Fleurian
(Secretary).M. de Seynes
(Secretary).Comte de Manneville
(Secretary). M. P. de Barante
(Attaché).Comte de Montholon
(Attaché).Baron Mercier de Lostende
(Naval Attaché).M. L. Geoffray
(Minister).M. Paul Cambon
(The Ambassador).Colonel d'Amade
(Military Attaché).M. L. Daeschner
(First Secretary).

M. CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, AND HIS STAFF: TAKEN UPON THE OCCASION OF THE RATIFICATION OF THE RECENT ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.

By H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS READY TO START FOR THE FRONT.

Photograph by Bulla, St. Petersburg.

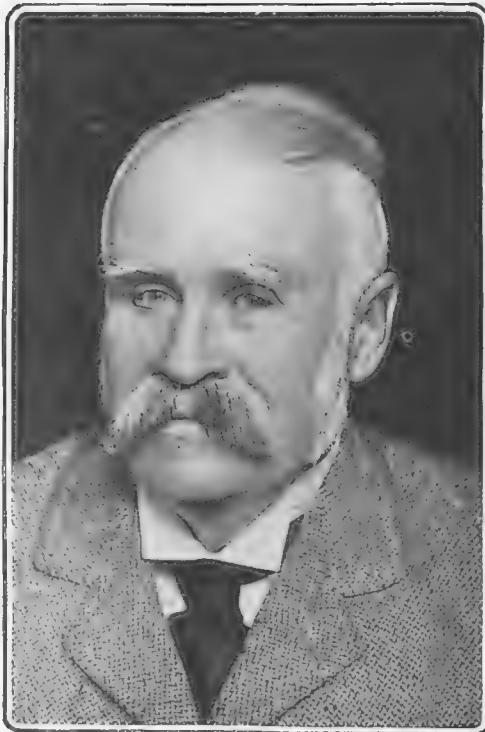
THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(*"Monocle."*)

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," "THE WHEAT KING," "THE WAY OF THE WORLD," AND "THE RICH MRS. REPTON."

AN unusually prolific and pleasing week. The Imperial play appears likely to delight all those who enjoyed "Monsieur Beaucaire," and the adaptation of "The Pit" seems apt for those who did not. To be unable to find thrills in romantic drama of rather better than average quality involves an admission of middle-age or more, so I am bound to recommend the version by Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Stephens of an American novel by the latter, which, in the orthodox trunk-and-hose style, tells a perfectly improbable tale of the war during which we were so fortunate as to lose the States. It is quite an excellent specimen of its class, and, unlike most, keeps its best scenes for the last Act, and the end of it, too; therefore the audience is sent away with a recollection of vigorous episodes and no memory of certain second-Act pauses when the fate of the play hung in the balance and the scales almost dropped from the eyes of the audience. It may not be said that "distinction in style"—the phrase in mode since "literary merit"



MR. W. S. GILBERT,

WHOSE NEW PLAY, "THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA," WILL BE PRODUCED AT THE GARRICK BY MR. BOURCHIER ON MAY 3.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

has grown into disfavour—is the key-note of the work; and this, from the box-office point of view, is of no great moment—indeed, there was a pessimist who said of another play that it succeeded "despite the fine quality of the writing." A little rough, and too theatrical in the sham love-making, and quite a suitable vehicle for the vehemence of our leading romantic actor, may be a fair description. Mr. Lewis Waller's Beaucaire was, perhaps, more notable than his American Captain, since he had to overcome—and did—a serious handicap in the foreign accent; but his Harry is an effective performance and certain to fascinate the ladies. Miss Grace Lane, who is making great progress, was quite charming as the heroine. Mr. Norman McKinnel, as the cowardly English Major, acted very ably; and Mr. Lyall Swete had reason for being satisfied by his own performance.

"The Wheat King" started indifferently. City syndicates do not run this kind of play, consequently the house was poor in those who understood the technical terms concerning Chicago wheat-dealing. Fortunately, after a dutiful display of difficult phrases, Miss Elliott Page and Mrs. Ashton Jonson, who have adapted "The Pit," became intelligible to all save those who understood the business details and wished to follow exactly the course of events—and they are the neglectable minority. It is a curious fact that on one night English versions were produced of two American novels. It would have been agreeable to some of us if the play had been rather more fiercely technical, but it is unwise to complain, since welcome is due to any work that takes us a little off the track, for the caged squirrel's treadmill too long has been the emblem of our drama. Possibly, at the bottom, "The Wheat King" is only our old friend the stage gambler neglectful of a loving, handsome wife; but the gambling for once, at least, was quite interesting, and the scene of the downfall of Jadwin, the Wheat King, and the crash of his "Corner" thrilled the house, because it was essentially interesting and very ably acted and staged: no one should complain because the exact details do not stand the investigation of experts; perhaps this is an advantage. The more customary stage-aspect of the drama, the courtship of the neglected wife by the

wicked lover, no doubt is less interesting; indeed, without the remarkably clever and charming performance by Miss Esmé Beringer this part of the play would have fallen rather flat, but it did not. Mr. Murray Carson presented a striking figure of the formidable "Corner" man, and his work in "The Pit" scene was very powerful, whilst in the last Act he played with great, quiet force. Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay made a "hit" by clever *ingénue* work. Mr. George Silver played up to her capitally; he is clearly a very useful recruit.

"The Way of the World," as presented by the Mermaid Society, gives one the idea that Congreve will not act. The brilliant dialogue and vivid strokes of character hardly tell on the stage, the scheme appears puzzling, and the play almost motionless. That it is curious and interesting to the connoisseur is a good reason for the production, but it may be doubted whether any Company could make it a living comedy. It may be contended that the right Company was not chosen, and certainly, although the performance was creditable to the Society, there were weak spots: this, however, was not quite the reason why, despite the fact that individual scenes went well, the piece did not go at all. Miss Ethel Irving certainly was a Millamant surprisingly good, seeing her lack of experience. Mrs. Theodore Wright, if a little deficient in style, was an entertaining Lady Wishfort. Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Lennox Pawle were cleverly entertaining as the two Witwouds.

"The Rich Mrs. Repton" is as puzzling by lack of plot as Congreve's comedy by excess of intrigue. From scene to scene and Act to Act one waits in wonder for the moment when the play is going to begin. It should have been announced on the programme as a play without a plot. I am not "dead nuts" on plots—to use a Repton phrase—but like to know what the author is driving at. When the play ended, I felt like one who had gone to see a prize-fight, and, after a long while, discovered that there was no fight, but that the fun lay in the humours of the crowd. We had some very clever humours of the crowd—if one may treat the minor characters of the play as the crowd. For the rest, the work is an elaborate study of one character, not essentially interesting or quite convincing, and set in no stress of circumstances that involved development of character. From beginning to end we had a middle-aged, rather torpid widow, extravagantly good-natured, decidedly vulgar, and cursed with a vocabulary that seemed to have been picked up on the racecourse, at the Fleet Street bars, in the National Sporting Club, and at the Police Courts—one might have almost compiled a Slang Dictionary from her phrases. Her speech was monotonously picturesque—one grew to long for a few straight sentences. It may be urged that her shameless exultation before the Bishop over a breach of the Seventh Commandment showed development: but to me, like the blackmail episode, it rather suggested something that did not belong to the play before us. It seems conceivable that the vogue of Capus has tempted Mr. Carton, and that he has used his skill to try to show the curious amateurishness—in reality, rather a weakness than quality—of the Parisian dramatist, whose popularity, I believe, is waning.

There really were excellent materials in the idea of the pretended engagement between the millionaire widow and the sprig of aristocracy, announced in order to keep his creditors quiet till it was learnt whether he had pulled off a big thing by heavy betting on a horse named Kangaroo. One expected the curious relation between the pair to lead to something dramatic, but the chief outcome was the scene with the Bishop, the appearance of whom, in a manner so needlessly offensive to many worthy people, is another nail in the Censor's coffin. Certainly much of the play is amusing, and Mr. Carton's wit, if a little less spontaneous than it is usually enlivened many a minute, whilst several of the characters are cleverly treated. It may be that Mrs. Repton, who seemed to me rather a bore, will be interesting to many, and, indeed, one must remember that tastes differ about bores. Certainly the house liked the play, though it never was quite enthusiastic; and, if sharply cut and played faster, it will make an agreeable entertainment to those who do not demand or expect a plot. Miss Compton, in a part obviously written for her, drawled a little in her acting as well as her speech, and made no effort to exhibit any new side of her art. Mr. Eric Lewis, with the part, perhaps, next in importance, was as amusing as usual, and in just the same way. Mr. A. E. Matthews, in a mild Charlie Hawtrey character, was hardly strong enough, yet acted pleasantly. Excellent work was done by Messrs. Dion Boucicault, Troode, Lowne, and Milward; the ladies, save Miss Compton, had almost nothing to do.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON :

A REMARKABLE PROGRAMME.

ON Monday, May 2, Covent Garden reopens its doors, and the London Season may be said to commence in earnest. For many months past, preparations for the year's great musical event have been carried on, not only at the Opera House, but in Paris, Milan, Berlin, Brussels, and other great cities where music is esteemed and good singing may be heard. Agents of the Grand Opera Syndicate have been listening to singers the world over, and engaging the best. The administration seeks to secure for London the finest musical talent in the world, and its success is shown by the fact that many a singer who can draw crowds to the Opera House in smaller capitals must be deemed fortunate to secure a very small place here in the neighbourhood of the fixed stars of the operatic firmament.

The direction of our National Opera House could not well be strengthened. At the head of the Syndicate are Lord Esher, whose genius as an administrator has been of such signal service to the State; Earl de Grey, who is almost as devoted to music as to sport; and Mr. H. V. Higgins, who has handled the delicate problems of the Opera Season with infinite tact and skill. As artistic manager, M. André Messager has confirmed on this side of the Channel the considerable reputation he has made in Paris, where his position at the Opéra - Comique helps him to secure for London the services of any new singer of more than ordinary merit. On the business side,

Mr. Neil Forsyth

MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS (SOPRANO).

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

brings more than a dozen years' experience of all branches of the work to the Syndicate's aid.

It is not too much to say that the world's finest singers will be heard at Covent Garden between the beginning of May and end of July. The sopranos engaged include Madame Melba, upon whom the mantle of Patti has fallen; she will reach town in May. Calvé the irresistible, whose presence would suffice to make any season notable, is due in London shortly after Melba. Ternina, whose success in Wagner's operas has been so remarkable, will be available from the beginning of the season. Mesdames Suzanne Adams, Alice Nielsen, Parkina, Destinn, Reinal, and Knüpfel-Egli are also engaged. The last three are new to London, but Madame Destinn brings a great reputation from Dresden, Madame Reinal has been acclaimed in Berlin, and Madame Knüpfel-Egli has established a Continental reputation in Wagner's operas. Contralto and mezzo-soprano include Frau Deppe, and Madame Kirkby-Lunn, to whose fine voice English, French, German, and Italian present no difficulties.

At the head of the tenors engaged is Signor Caruso, who was singing in the Argentine last year and was thus lost to London. He will reach town about the middle of May. Among the others engaged are MM. Saléza, Dalmorès, Burrian, Herold, and Dufrière. Basses and baritones include such masters as Renaud, Pol Plançon, Van Rooy, Journet, and Seveilhac.

The difficult work of conducting falls to Dr. Hans Richter, Herr Lohse, and Signor Mancinelli, to whose safe hands any opera might be entrusted by the most exigent composer.

During the month of May, Dr. Richter will conduct three series of six operas. The first series will be given on 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 26th, and 30th, the other two being arranged on intervening dates. The operas selected for the series are "Don Giovanni," "Nozze di Figaro," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Tannhäuser," and "Die Meistersinger." For these series the orchestra will be increased and the chorus strengthened. There will be no cuts, and in some cases it will be necessary to commence the opera at seven o'clock. The music-lover can book for all performances of any one of the three series, and, with the dates before him, arrange his other engagements to fit. It has been a cause for complaint in past years that the uncertainty of the arrangements kept busy people from some of their favourite operas.

Among the novelties promised is the "Contes d'Hoffmann" of Offenbach, an opera that is almost forgotten, and has not been heard in London in the memory of man. The music is said to be full of charm and melody. Beethoven's "Fidelio" is promised, and we are to hear Puccini's "Tosca" and "Bohème," Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," and Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis." Verdi will also be represented by "Aïda," "Rigoletto," and "Traviata," so the old opera-goer will renew his youth and forgive Wagner for having disturbed his middle-age. We may hope to hear Calvé as Carmen, while, needless to say, we shall hear "Faust," and "Roméo et Juliette," "Pagliacci," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." 'Tis a comprehensive programme.

Few people save the cosmopolitan lovers of music realise how well-equipped Covent Garden has become in the past few years. The stage is second to none; the mechanical appliances are entirely modern and enable heavily set operas like those of the "Nibelungen Ring" to be presented in a manner few Opera Houses could attempt. The wardrobe is extensive and full of costly dresses, while the armoury department of the Opera House would not disgrace a national collection.

We have been assured so often that we are not a musical nation that we accept the reproach nowadays without protest, but, in very sober truth, the thirteen weeks of Grand Opera should suffice to refute the calumny if every other musical institution were forced to close its doors. To be sure, we must rely upon foreigners to a very large extent, but year by year the national appreciation becomes wider and more deep. A nation that was not musical could neither justify nor support the splendid season that begins with May and for three months makes London the Mecca of music's pilgrims.

S. L. B.



M. CHARLES DALMORÈS (TENOR).

Photograph by Klary, Brussels.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON: SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.



MADAME JOSEPHINE REINL (MEZZO-SOPRANO).
Photograph by P. Gericke, Berlin.

MADAME MARIA KNÜPFER-EGLI (SOPRANO).
Photograph by Löscher and Petsch, Berlin.

MISS PARKINA (SOPRANO).

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

M. SALÉZA (TENOR).
Photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON: SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.



HERR BURRIAN (TENOR)
Photograph by Baumann, Munich.

HERR SCHÜTZ (BARITONE).

Photograph by Bellach, Leipzig.

HERR RUDOLF KRASA (BASS).

Photograph by P. Gericke, Berlin.

M. HEROLD (TENOR).
Photograph by Juncker Jensen, Copenhagen.

TYPES OF RUSSIAN INFANTRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



II.—A SIBERIAN COSSACK IN CAMPAIGNING-DRESS.

“A HAND AT BRIDGE.”

HELD BY G. L. STAMPA.



II.—A TRICK IN CLUBS: “FORE!”

A TYPE OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY:

SOME STUDIES OF MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS.



THREE SCENES FROM "LA POUPEE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Lancelot
(Mr. Roland Cunningham).Hilarius
(Mr. Willie Edouin). Alesia
(Miss Edna May).Henri
(Miss Gaynor Rowlands).

ACT I., SCENE II.—HILARIUS' WORKSHOP.



ACT II., SCENE I.—CHANTERELLE'S COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Madame Hilarius
(Miss Marianne Caldwell).Father Maxime
(Mr. Norman Salmond).

ACT II., SCENE II.—THE MONASTERY.

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. BRETTI, the energetic President of the Macmillan Company of New York, has just returned to America after a business-trip to London. He reports that Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "The Queen's Quair," will be published on May 20. It has been in great part re-written since it appeared serially, and embodies a picture of Mary Queen of Scots and her times from the human standpoint. Mr. Hewlett is to spend the summer in Italy, putting the finishing touches to his book on Tuscany, part of which has appeared in a weekly review. This book will be published in the autumn, and will contain many illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell, some of them in colours.

Another new novel which will be looked forward to with interest is "Sabina Warham," by Mr. Laurence Housman, the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." The book is described as a study of a woman's life in one of the Coast Counties of England.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has written a new novel, which will be published in the autumn. The author has been steadily at work on it during the last three years. The book is at present called "The Sin of David."

Messrs. Macmillan are to publish the Life of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, by his widow. It will contain reproductions of many of his most famous pictures, for the most part not yet reproduced for the public.

Mr. Thomas Wright, the author of the Life of Edward FitzGerald, has made arrangements both in England and America for the publication of his Life of Walter Pater. It is surprising that none of Pater's intimate friends at Oxford has written the Life.

The new number of the *Quarterly* contains an article on Gabriele D'Annunzio by Mr. Henry James. Mr. James selects as D'Annunzio's three sharpest signs: "First, his rare notation of states of excited sensibility; second, his splendid visual sense, the quick generosity of his response to the message, as we nowadays say, of aspects and appearances, to the beauty of places and things; third, his ample and exquisite style, his curious, various, inquisitive, always active employment of language as a means of communication and representation." He picks out "Il Trionfo del Morte" and "Il Fuoco" as the amplest and richest of D'Annunzio's works, and the earlier as an unsurpassable example of his talent. "The Triumph of Death" abounds in masterful illustrative episodes. Mr. James hints, though with obscurity and reserve, that D'Annunzio's engrossment with sexual passion has a side on which it joins on with vulgarity. But the tone of the article, as a whole, is warmly appreciative. Mr. James, by the way, has started for his visit to America, which he does not intend to prolong. Mr. James has been defined as "An Englishman who had the misfortune to be born in America," and the definition has found much favour on both sides. Twenty years ago, his friends used to say that he had a striking resemblance to King Edward, and that this resemblance rested on a basis of temperament. Much has happened since then, and it would be hard to make out a case for the contention to-day.

In the same number of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Edward Wright has a careful and sensible study of Thomas Hardy. He sums up: "Mr. Hardy's philosophic creed is that of a sentimental materialist; he is a mighty yet restless and woeful spirit, a prince of modern English literature by reason of his earlier works, but in certain of his later works a misdirected force." There is some point in the comparison between Euripides and Thomas Hardy. It is true that in their women of strange, passionate, and irresistible temperament they display a similar type of heroine, but it is equally true that Euripides never went so far as Mr. Hardy in revolt against the universe.

A book on William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival has just been published in America by Messrs. McClure. The author is Mr. H. S. Krans.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish immediately a novel, entitled "The Peril of an Empire," by Mr. Robert Johnston, who won the hundred-pound prize offered recently for the best historical play. The novel deals with London life at the present moment.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has decided to call his autobiography "The Story of an Irishman."

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish Harry Furniss's new book, entitled "Harry Furniss at Home." It will include many caricatures and other pictures. A chapter will be devoted to the late Max O'Rell, an intimate friend of Mr. Furniss.

Are criticisms too gentle? A correspondent, writing to a literary journal, complains that few reviews review. He asks what has become of the old-time reviewer. It was Charles Lamb who inquired where all the bad people were buried. A similar query might be put as to books. There can be no doubt that many Editors deliberately refrain from noticing bad books. They ignore where they cannot praise. Severe criticism

is the exception rather than the rule, both in England and in America. When a book is utterly insignificant, it should be let alone, but a book may be significant and yet very faulty, and in that case a competent reviewer ought to point out the faults. My own impression is that better criticism was never published in the English Press than is now to be found in such organs as the *Times* and the *Athenaeum*.

Of books about Shakspere, as of editions of Shakspere, there is no end. But I think we may anticipate a real contribution to knowledge in the forthcoming work on "William Shakspere, his Family and Friends," by the late Charles I. Elton. Mr. Elton made a very special study of questions about land-tenure and the loss of property, and his *Academy* articles in the old days were marked by a serious and refreshing erudition. Mr. Elton discusses Shakspere's marriage in connection with the state of the English Marriage Law at the time, and he also treats from a new standpoint and with special information of the poet's business dealings. Mr. Andrew Lang has contributed a Memoir to the volume, which is published by Mr. Murray.



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"COME BACK, FIDO!" OR, THE DOG THAT DIDN'T.



DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE MUSIC-HALL.



"*Ladies and Gentlemen: The Professor will now raise 56 lbs. with one 'and, while with the other 'e will play that popular ballad entitled, 'Though 'er 'air is silvery white.'*"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FINDING OF THE PATH.

By FLORENCE M. BAILEY.



"We can't go on like this." The girl twisted round in her long cane-chair and caught at a swaying creeper with petulant fingers.

"I am painfully aware of the fact. If you have quite finished your tea, we may as well discuss matters now."

The man's tone was quite level—business-like, in fact—the tone that he would use later in the day when dictating letters to his Babu typist. There was no indication that he was interested in the matter other than from a business standpoint. He settled himself rather more stiffly in his chair, waiting for her to speak. But she only trailed the bit of creeper over the edge of the verandah, looking straight in front of her with eyes that were curiously hard for so childish a face.

It was not a particularly attractive scene; the flat was midway in a narrow street, and the white-grey walls of the opposite buildings were broken only by a struggling peepul-tree and a stunted palm. Beyond the verandah, by dint of a craning neck, one caught a cheerful glimpse of a disused churchyard, but closed jhilmills and drawn chicks already shut out that much of the view, for it was 7.30 a.m. in May, and the merciless blue blaze was starting to bring salvation by fire for one more day upon Calcutta—which would smell worse without the heat.

The narrow outlook had always seemed to Nina the epitome of the big travesty she had found India: her home-visions were of a marble mansion, more or less white, with a retinue of dark servants in snowy garments, feathery palms and flaming-blossomed bushes growing at her doors, and trees thick with oranges, guavas, and mangoes (irrespective always of the time of the year and the precise situation of Bengal). She had found a three-room flat, "with no front," as she wrote home in dismay; her suburban-provincial mind could not take to the word "compound," and, in any case, the flat had none.

In short, out of the depth of her ignorance she had come out to find heaven and all that in it is on five hundred rupees a-month, with a husband of forty-odd, and had found—this.

"Can you make any suggestions as to—what—we can arrange?" His voice was measured still; he had, at least, found that sort of pathetic dignity which comes to most men (and many of the women) in the land where only death hurries. His wife—barely seven months out and restless under the misery of her first hot weather—was far from it.

"I want to go home," she broke out, taking quick breaths and tearing the tiny pink petals from the creeper; "I'm sick of this hateful place, and the heat—and nobody here! It was bad enough in the cold weather, but now it's—it's hateful!"

Frere glanced at the pretty face and its fretful eyes with the same look, half judicial and half absent-minded, that he had given shortly before to the bearer as he swept a cup off the *chola hazri* tray. Something of a failure from boyhood, he had thrown for happiness so late in life that he was hardly surprised himself that he had drawn one of the many losing numbers. But each day helped to blunt the regret and make him look forward, almost with relief, to the inevitable return to his old existence.

"It is certainly a pity that you came out," he replied, slowly. "I am sorry that you have found the life so—unpleasant, and I can hardly give you a more luxurious place at home on my present income."

"Oh, I can go home—to my own home!" she flashed out.

Allan Frere flushed and his lips went into a thin line.

"I think not," he answered, quietly. "You see, Nina, you are my wife, and the fact that you prefer to reside in England doesn't affect my position."

"But I thought people separated when they couldn't agree"—the man winced—"and we never shall get on together, so what is the good of keeping up this farce?"

"There's some question of dignity, you see," he said, after a pause. "As it is, you may find it somewhat difficult at home—alone. Unfortunately, marriages can't be undone because of a difference

in tastes and tempers; and I shall not trouble you much—I'm not likely to come home."

The girl moved her rings restlessly and kept her eyes away.

"You'll find it rather hot going home now," Frere went on, after a long silence, "and it will be worse later on. Would you—like to go up to Darjiling until September, and then—just as you prefer?"

"No, no! I don't want to go to the hills; I want to go home—now!" And, with the angry, miserable tears of a defiant child in her eyes, she walked past him to the little room he had tried to convert into a "boudoir" to please her, swinging the purdah behind her fiercely.

For no apparent reason, Frere walked round the table to reach the verandah stairs; as he passed her long chair, he dropped his hand on the top of it and stood staring down at the withered creeper she had torn.

The past week had been such a whirl that she had hardly had time to think—certainly not time to think so much of her sorrows.

Frere had taken her passage in the next homeward boat, and to-night he was to see her on board at Garden Reach, as they were to leave the river in the early morning. With wholly feminine irrationality, she was complaining to herself that he might have got away from the office; at least, for this last day; that there would be no particular reason and small satisfaction in doing so did not occur to her. She had dressed early, from sheer restlessness, and moved from one room to another of the dismantled flat for the last time, trying to arrive at a mood of satisfaction and only reaching one of fretful doubt.

He had been too old and grim and self-centred—her people had always said so; and she had thought to find India such a different place, and didn't know that they would really be poor there and not "in Society" a bit; and—and—this was the only way out of it. She was young and pretty, and why should she spoil any more of her life?

Coming to a pause at the little side-window which gave on to a not very savoury back-compound, she saw a native—a woman—walk softly to a corner where a fat brown baby sprawled in the comfort of a cool sleep. Nina knew her vaguely as Rupi, the mehtar's* wife; in the usual Anglo-Indian fashion, she had not thought of her before, except as a brown automaton. The woman crouched down, watching the sleeper with satisfaction; her attitude was, perhaps, not quite so touching to Western notions as that of the mother who hugs her baby in her arms, but there was the same thing throbbing behind the differing ways. Something of what it meant caught the girl suddenly as she stood there, with all her little world broken around her by her own hands. Perhaps, if this had happened, things would have been different, and they wouldn't have made such a mess of it. She leant over the jhilmills, watching the mother-love on the brown face, and then the placid baby, thinking, until the train of thoughts brought her back to the present hour, and she went out on the verandah, chafing because it was getting late.

"He prefers to stop at the office until the last minute," she thought, bitterly. "He certainly takes care to avoid me—I suppose he'll be quite as glad as I shall to end it." But, as the lateness grew from a matter of minutes to one of an hour, the silent, deserted rooms began to oppress her: apparently the boys had had orders from Frere to go—he himself was returning at dinner-time to life between a hotel and a solitary room over the office.

Nina went back to the corner where the mehtar's wife and baby might, at least, give her some sense of companionship; but they were gone, and the sudden Eastern night came down on her loneliness. She found a lamp and tried to light it, but some prudent soul among the boys had emptied it of all oil. For a moment she thought of going down to find a messenger to send to Frere's office; then the slight absurdity struck her of despatching an urgent request for the man whom she was in an hour's time to dismiss out of her life. Finally, she could endure the silent darkness no longer, and went down the stairs, angry with herself and with Frere for this foolish fiasco. She had not very clear notions of how one got to Garden Reach, only that, the passengers' launch having left the ghât long since, she would have to take a native dinghy somewhere.

As she turned the corner of the stairs, someone cannoned against her, and his brief apology was followed by, "Oh! Isn't it Mrs. Frere? Will you come, please, at once? I've a gharri waiting."

* Sweeper—the lowest caste but one in India.

"Is my husband there—are you from his office?" she asked, chillily, looking up in the dim light at this perfectly unknown young man who seemed in such haste.

"No, I'm not in Mr. Frere's office; I'm up country—just down here for a few days—only there was no one else seemed available to bring you. Won't you get in, please, and I can explain as we go? These ticca gharries aren't very rapid at best."

It was one of the open ramshackles which are Calcutta's combined apologies for a hansom and victoria. As it turned, she said, quickly, "Where is the man going? This isn't the way to the river. Isn't Mr. Frere at the ghât?"

"No; we are going to the General Hospital," he said, slowly, turning towards her with gravity shadowing his boyish face. "There was a tram-accident this afternoon—but they only found out his address just now. I'm awfully sorry—I'm telling it rather clumsily, I'm afraid—," as the girl's lips began to quiver and a queer look came into her eyes.

"Oh, I'm all right—I'm not going to do anything ridiculous! Only—only it's so very—odd," she answered, with an hysterical little laugh, thinking of the absurdity of having to sustain the attitude of devoted wife towards the man from whom she was soon to have parted for ever.

"There's no accounting for the way a woman takes a thing, I suppose," thought the lad at her side, "but she seems to be jolly cool about it."

Which thought was evident in the stiffness that came into his voice when he next spoke, telling her briefly the few details he had of the accident, and that there had been some operation: to all of which her only response was silence. After that little laugh, she sat quite still, her face turned away from him, looking dully at the lines of belated carriages which swept past them down Chowringhi, filled mostly by Eurasians looking more weary of life in general than of the heat, and by fat and complacent Babus with as many olive-branches as could be inconveniently packed into the conveyance. They drove in silence to the Hospital compound, and her companion handed her over to a nurse, with a lift of the hat and a mental hope that "that poor devil upstairs" would find her—well, different.

"It was a native child, you know, one of those bits of girls that are always dodging under one's horse's feet—wonder a dozen a-day don't get killed. It was a foolish thing to do, unless the man was tired of his life. I believe he threw the child right from under the tram, and, of course, got smashed instead. Those electric-trams never ought to have been allowed in the streets—at least, not with native drivers. This makes the fifth accident already."

The clear voice of the Hospital's senior surgeon came to her through the thin plaster-walls of the little room where they had told her to wait; obviously he did not know anyone was there.

"Think he'll pull through?" said another voice, which she recognised as that of the manager of her husband's office.

"He's got a good chance—if he cares to keep it," the other replied. "He has a first-rate constitution, or he'd have gone under; but he seems a queer sort of fellow—as if he hadn't any particular anxiety to live. Seemed rather disappointed, after we'd operated, to find that he was still alive."

"Bad job for his wife, isn't it? I believe she was going home to-morrow, too, in the *Malta*."

"Oh?" said the doctor, carelessly. "Perhaps that accounts for it." And then another voice joined in, evidently a nurse, and Nina moved away to the other side of the little room, her face set and her eyes hard with a sudden passionate resentment against these people who were keeping her from her husband. He was hers—hers; what right had they to talk about him—and about her—in that cold-blooded way? She was blindly angry with everything and everyone for this swift breaking-down of her world, that new world which she had been so carefully constructing of late, wherein she would forget all the unpleasant things and really enjoy life. Except, perhaps, with *him*: with the utter unreasonableness of a woman, she only felt pity for him—pity and a curious, indefinite feeling which she had never yet had for her husband. The voices ceased, and she stood idly watching a man and woman on the verandah below her—both of them with the thin, sun-parched faces and dead-weary eyes of the country born and bred. The man was making a few shuffling steps to and fro, the woman taking half his weight; evidently she was living in hospital with him, after the curious fashion of India. Neither of them was attractive, except so far as the commonplace tragedy of their obvious poverty and the man's illness went; but, as they came slowly into the patch of vivid moonlight on their verandah, the look in the woman's face suddenly took the hardness from Nina's; the absorbed, heart-aching devotion of those weary eyes that never moved from watching the man's face made her shiver and turn away as if she had no right to see such things.

Then a nurse came to take her to her husband, and, with a warning that she must be very quiet and not excite him, left them together. The glaring moonlight was screened out of the tiny private room where they had put him; in the dim light, Nina hardly saw his first look towards her, yet the likeness of his eyes to those of the woman she had just seen made her throat choke and words impossible.

"I'm—afraid—I've upset you," the old quiet voice said. "I'm sorry—it should have—happened—just now." But the girl was down on her knees by him; his hands in hers and the light dawning in her eyes which he had never seen there yet, crying brokenly, "Allan! Oh, Allan!" And with the cry he knew that between the heights and the depths there is a middle way on which they had, at last, entered together.



"'OW D' YER FANCY 'AWKINS FOR YER UVVER NIME?'"

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THE ANGLER.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



I.—A BITE.

(For Sequel see Overleaf.)

THE ANGLER.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



II.—CAUGHT.



IN the light of the forthcoming production of "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Shaftesbury, now being advertised as "the safest theatre in London," and of "Cynthia" at Wyndham's on May 11, the question whether any value is to be attached to the judgment of audiences or critics on the other side of the Atlantic, so far as London is concerned, is not without interest. "The Sword of the King," for instance, was played for a whole season in America, yet it achieved a run of only six nights in London, and "Captain Dieppe" failed to hold the stage at the Duke of York's—to name only a couple of the modern instances which might be quoted from a number, though a passing reference may be made to "The Wheat King," which came with an enormous vogue from "the other side" and was not received by the critics with that enthusiasm which might have been hoped for, if not expected. Similarly, even Mr. H. V. Esmond could not

Much erroneous information has been given to the public by the irresponsible paragrapher concerning the so-called forthcoming production at the Haymarket of "A Time to Love," the new modern comedy. Mrs. Craigie has written in collaboration with Mr. Edward Rose. It has been asserted, for instance, that the chief part in the play is intended for Miss Winifred Emery. As a matter of fact, the dominant character is the man's, a kind of "character" part. Proof of this is seen in the fact that it will be played by Mr. Nat Goodwin in America, and "stars" never play secondary parts to their leading ladies in that country, whatever they may do elsewhere. This character will be played at the Haymarket by Mr. Cyril Maude. The woman's part was considered both by the authors and the management to fit Miss Emery so well that it has been decided to keep the play back, in order that she may make her welcome reappearance in it.



MISS EILLALINE TERRISS (MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS) AT MADEIRA, WITH HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, MR. STANLEY BRETT, AND HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Vicente G. da Silva, Funchal, Madeira.

command the success with "When We were Twenty-one" which his comedy had for two or three years in America.

On the other hand, "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," in which Mr. Lewis Waller has made so conspicuous a personal success and the provincial rights of which have been eagerly sought, had no great vogue in America. It is, perhaps, the exception which proves the rule that, although a play succeeds in the United States, it by no means follows it will succeed in London, though it is almost an axiom that a play which is a success in London will repeat its success in America. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has, of course, as no one will need reminding, another American play in "The Darling of the Gods," but its peculiarity—if the word may be allowed—is quite sufficient to ensure its vogue whatever its place of origin and wherever it is performed.

Even London does not set the fashion as it used to do for plays in the provinces, for several pieces which have been notably successful in the West-End have failed to attract in anything like the measure they were expected to do when sent into the country. Indeed, the theatre at the present time may be said to be full of contradictions. It is, perhaps, these very contradictions which make it so fascinating. And, as if to prove the contradiction, Miss Ida Molesworth intends to take "The Sword of the King" on a provincial tour.

Therefore, "A Time to Love" is not the Haymarket's "forthcoming production." When Miss Emery's reappearance will be it is at present impossible to decide definitely. After so serious an illness, convalescence must necessarily be gradual, and Miss Emery's medical advisers are too wise to permit her to return to her work before she is strong enough, and the management of the Haymarket have the most tender reasons for following out the physicians' instructions with the utmost rigidity.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, whose, at present, unnamed play is to be produced at the Camden Theatre by Mrs. Patrick Campbell on June 6, has not hitherto appeared on the regular stage as an author, though an example of her work has been produced before one of the most brilliant audiences ever gathered together in front of a green curtain. This was at the last performance at Chatsworth, where a little dance-monologue she had written was one of the items of the programme. It has been said that the play deals with "the thoughtlessness of Society in its relations with the working classes." This is, perhaps, a delicate way of saying that the play portrays Society's ignorance of the conditions of that life which differs so markedly from its own; at any rate, it would be a much juster description of the facts. In the evolution of so original a theme, which is essentially one of our own time, certain situations will unquestionably be found which are new to the stage.

KEY-NOTES



THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON:
MR. NEIL FORSYTH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

(SEE PAGE 51.)

Photograph by Langford, Glasgow.

Dora Robinson's "I Send You Roses," and "Love and Grief," and Mrs. Brown-Potter again proved how dramatically she can recite.

Mdlle. Tremelli, who gave a concert a few nights ago at the Aeolian Hall, under the management of Mr. L. B. Sharpe, is an artist with a very real appreciation of the music which she undertakes to interpret. In two of Schumann's most beautiful songs, "Der Nüssbaum" and "Frühlingsnacht," she sang remarkably well, though we are bound to say that at times her manner of voice-production seemed to be a little harsh; nor did she quite realise the depths of Vidal's "Printemps Nouveau" or of the "Cradle Song" of Ries. Mr. Archy Rosenthal was the pianist of the evening, and in Paderewski's "Thème Varié" (Op. 16) showed what a very capable manual artist he is, for, without reaching any great depths of emotion, he certainly contrived to show us the real musical intention and enthusiasm of the composer.

Mr. R. Temple,
the old Savoyard;



RANGI UIA,
THE MAORI TENOR WHO HAS COME TO LONDON AT THE
SUGGESTION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

UNDER the direction of Mr. Landon Ronald, another Ballad Concert took place last week at the Bechstein Hall, and drew a very large and enthusiastic audience; indeed, we scarcely remember ever to have seen the Hall quite so crowded. Many artists of well-known distinction took part in the programme, and a number of Mr. Ronald's own songs were given during the afternoon. Miss Marie Brema sang Schubert's "Litanei," and an old Seventeenth-Century German Song, entitled "Ein Fröhlich Gesang," both of which once more proved what an admirable dramatic singer she is. Miss Elizabeth Parkina sang very charmingly "Les Adieux" and "Dolly O'Dean," both by Mr. Ronald, and was equally good whether in the pathos or in the humour of the music. Mr. Charles Tree sang a new song by Mr. Herbert Bunning, entitled "The Drummer," in which he was accompanied by the composer; it is an agreeable composition, but is obviously modelled upon Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers." Mr. Joseph O'Mara sang most artistically

gave the first of Six Dramatic Recitals at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon last, and demonstrated what a very capable and dramatic reciter he is. At the same time, we think it rather a mistake that he should have made selections that dwell in almost every instance on the tragic side of life. A Recital of this description living almost throughout in a minor key of life is apt to send one away in an unpleasant frame of mind.

At Stasford House, last Tuesday, a concert was given, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, in aid of the Hospital of St. John and Elizabeth, the personal direction of which lay in Mr. Landon Ronald's hands. The programme was a long and varied one, and included the names of many well-known artists, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Huntley Wright, who was very amusing in a monologue, and Madame Suzanne Adams, who was altogether charming in her rendering of songs by Mr. Leo Stern and Mr. Landon Ronald. Mrs. Henry Wood sang Reginald Somerville's "Contrasts" very beautifully, and Mrs. Henry Russell was quite at her best in the rendering of other songs. The afternoon proved quite entertaining, and it must surely have added considerably to the funds of the charity for which it was organised.

On Wednesday evening last the Kruse Festival came to a close with a concert made quite memorable in the history of Musical London. To Professor Johann Kruse is due every possible tribute, for he has brought to London the finest Choir existing nowadays in England, and engaged them in the interpretation of great choral works, with a conductor of superlative merit, and with soloists chosen with great care and consideration. Naturally, Professor Kruse himself took part as solo-violinist, and at all times played exceedingly well, displaying a really artistic outlook upon music and accomplishing all the work he undertook with care and conscientiousness. The programme of Wednesday opened with "Variations on an Original Theme" (Op. 36) by Edward Elgar, for Orchestra only. This is a very trying work to its interpreters, but Herr Weingartner made his influence felt over the forces under his command in a very marked degree. Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" was also given on this occasion, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Edna Thornton, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Mr. Frederic Austin being the soloists. Marvellously well did the Choir sustain their parts, and in the latter part of the "Credo" they were beyond all praise, for, with the assistance of these soloists, the Chorus realised the end magnificently, thereby accomplishing work which they only equalled by their singing of the "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei." Under the conductorship of Mr. Coward, Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" was also gloriously sung by the same Choir. Professor Kruse promises the Third Musical Festival in London for May 1905, which will be eagerly looked forward to by all music-lovers.

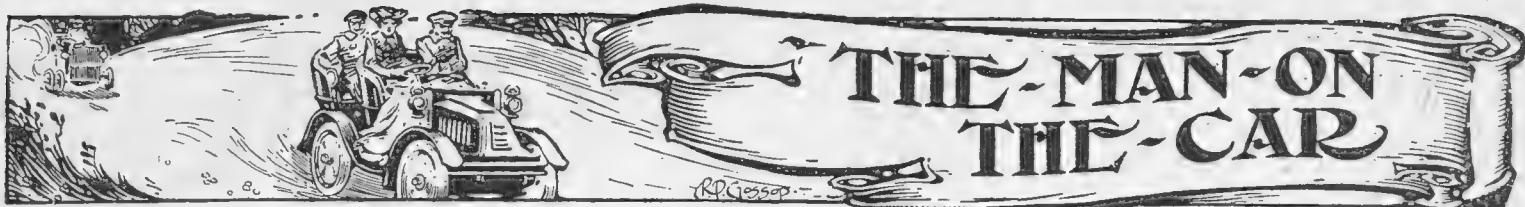
COMMON CHORD.



THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON:
M. PIERRE DE MEYER (TENOR).
Photograph by Vander Syft Boude, Ghent.

THE MAORI TENOR.

Rangi Uia has a fine tenor voice, and so charmed were the Prince and Princess of Wales with his singing that he was honoured by them with a special command to accompany the Royal party during their tour in the South Island. This musical child of Greater Britain is the son of the late chieftain Rangi Uia, who led the great War Dance performed by four thousand of his tribesmen before the Prince and Princess. The young chieftain was brought up according to English customs, and he was still quite a child when he displayed musical gifts of a high quality.



Dust—The Great Race—Dover—The “Pompeesi” Tyre-pump—Inconsiderate Driving.

THE dust question is more persistently with us to-day than ever before, for, while the roads are as dusty as of yore, the number of automobiles running thereover multiplieth exceedingly. Consequently, and while waiting for the panacea which the Automobile Club and the inventors between them will some day provide, I would draw attention to a partial mitigation of the evil which I saw only the other day fitted to the rear portion of a tonneau body. It took the form of a hood, in shape something like the crinoline screens attached to the seaward entrances of bathing-machines, and from under which our grandmothers used to take the water. The hood was made of light, waterproofed canvas, with hickory hoops pivoting at a point on the body which allowed it to swing forward on to the back of the front seat or backwards over the back of the tonneau, leaving a space open to the ground of about fifteen inches. This poke-hood acts either as a storm-shelter to the tonneau when swung forward, or a dust-preventer, when turned in the rearward position. In the latter, the air passing over the car is caught in the poke-hood and turned down through the space at the back, thus preventing the dust from rising into the car, and, to a considerable extent, from rising from the road.

No less than eleven cars—five Napier, three Wolseleys, and three British-made Darracqs—were presented at the Automobile Club garage on Saturday, 16th inst., for weighing and examination. All eleven came well within the limit of 2200 lb., even the 100 horse-power monster belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Mayhew, L.C.C., which did so well in the flying kilomètre at Nice; and, as the judges passed and sealed them all, we may presume that each and every car had all its insides inside and that none had been left outside, as was suggested by a *Pall Mall* correspondent might be the case, for the representatives of the Press were denied the garage during the weighing and inspection ceremony. Until the vehicles appear in Manxland we are not likely to hear much of them, except, perhaps, whispers of a trial held in some remote part of the country in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

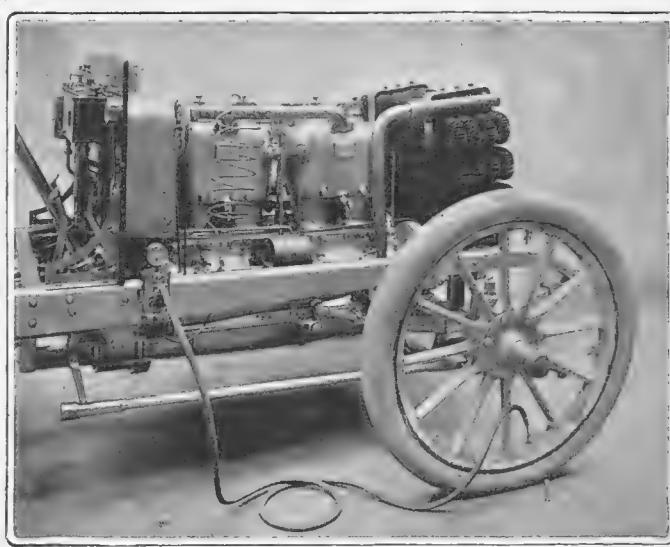
Automobilists will do well to remember that, if the feeling of the Dover townsfolk may be gauged by the pretensions of the Town Clerk, their presence is not desired at that particular Cinque Port, and they

should avoid it whenever possible. I really don't see what attractions Dover can have for motorists, particularly as it is, for cars at least, the most inconvenient and most expensive point of departure for the Continent. Folkestone - Boulogne, Newhaven - Dieppe, and Southampton - Havre are all preferable and cheaper, the latter considerably so. I don't fancy the Town Clerk will find he has done his town much service by seeking to impose a ten-mile limit on motor-cars all over the borough, when, as I showed last week, their own trams run in their tortuous and narrow ways at a speed of thirteen to fourteen miles an hour. Mr. Roger Fuller, the much-travelled member of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, strongly recommends the Southampton-Havre route, the only drawback being that you must have your car on the quay at 3 p.m. for shipment on a boat that leaves nine hours later.

It must have occurred to many automobilists, when labouring to pump up a big pneumatic tyre by hand, that it was a pity the motor could not be utilised to do the work, and, as a matter of fact, many devices have been tried and much money has been spent in the vain endeavour to achieve such a desirable end. The "Pompeesi" automatic tyre-pump has come to solve the problem, and is now being manufactured in this country for Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Limited, under special licence from Messrs. Turcat-Méry, the well-

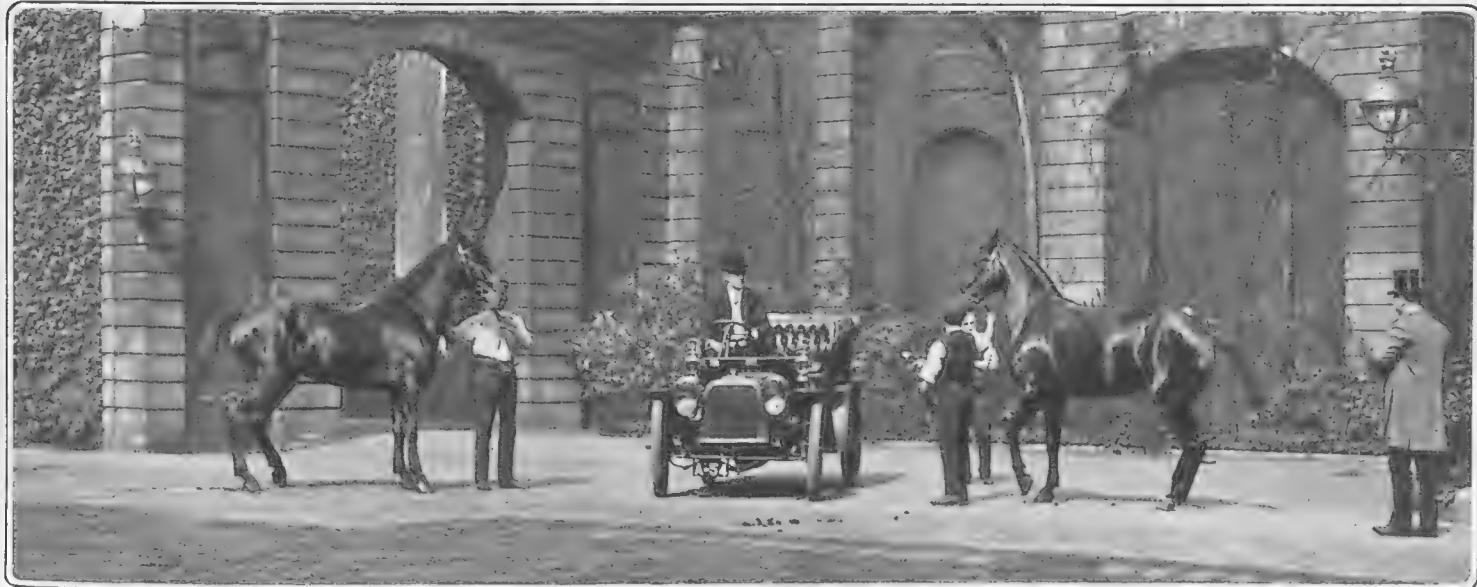
known French engineers. The attachment is simple, and, when once affixed, need never be taken off. All that is necessary to inflate a tyre is to unscrew a small fly-nut in the side of a metal box affixed to the car, screw in a rubber connection, connect with the tyre, and then start the engine, the result being that the tyre is pumped up hard inside three minutes. The "Pompeesi" was awarded the Gold Medal at the trials of the Automobile Club de France in December last.

It is good to hear that the Automobile Club are seriously considering what they may do to check the inconsiderate driving of automobiles by their own members and others. It is not so much a matter of speed to-day; to that the public are becoming accustomed, and the pace on roads that two years since would have set all agape now hardly causes a turn of the head. It is the thoughtless and callous way in which a minority—a very small minority, I am glad to say, but still enough for much harm—splash the public with mud and suffocate them with dust.



THE NEW "POMPEESI" AUTOMATIC TYRE-PUMP.

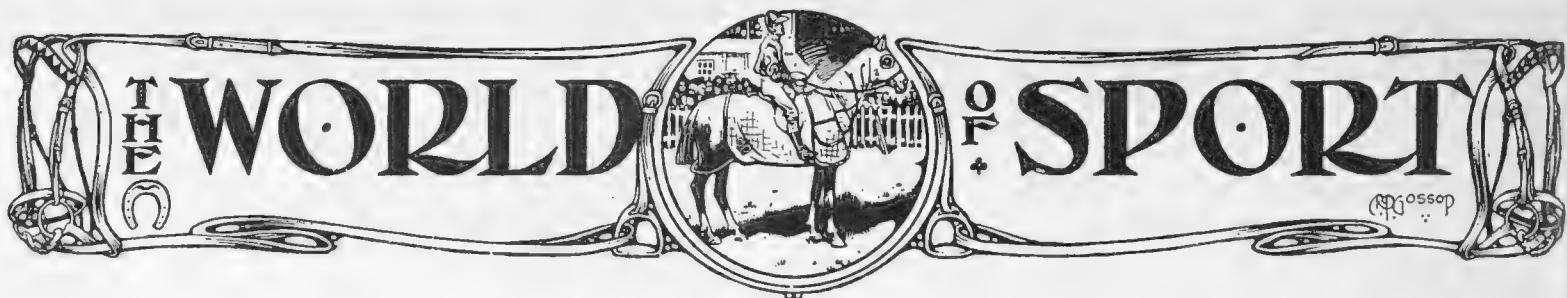
Photograph by Argent Archer, Kensington, W.



[Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.]

THE SAFETY OF ROYALTY; INTRODUCING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HORSES TO A MOTOR-CAR.

In the centre of the picture is Mr. O. Stanton, Motor Expert to the King and Prince of Wales, on a Twenty Horse-power Talbot.



THE WORLD OF SPORT

R. Gossop

The Guineas—Epsom—Foul Riding—Tipsters—Luck.

THERE will be a big gathering at Newmarket this week, despite the fact that His Majesty the King will be in Ireland.

First Spring Meeting is always a big draw, as two strong items in the Guineas attract all lovers of classic performers to the historic Heath. From what I can gather, the Two Thousand is a very open

affair, but I shall give St. Amant one more chance, as I am told he has come on a lot in the last fortnight. It must be borne in mind that St. Amant was giving 12 lb. when beaten by His Majesty in the Craven Week, and the latter is said to be a smart colt, though not so good as St. Valdimir in the same stable. Henry the First is not thoroughly wound up yet, but may do better at the Epsom Summer Meeting. Sweeper is under suspicion, but Montem, if the best of Marsh's lot, should at least get a place. Many people consider the One Thousand a gift for Pretty Polly; so it is on the book, but she may have to gallop to beat Fiancée.

It was a cheering sight to see the

City and

the picture

HOUSE OF COMMONS V. RANELAGH CLUB: THE
RIGHT HON. A. LYTTELTON, COLONIAL SECRETARY.

King at the Epsom Spring Meeting. It gave a fillip to the City and Suburban day that was sadly needed. His Majesty looked the picture of health and he appeared to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings. It cannot, in truth, be said that the victory of Robert le Diable was a popular one; indeed, the starting-price, 40 to 1 against, showed that the speculating public would have none of him. Yet, a year ago it was almost impossible to back him for the City, and he rewarded his followers by finishing seventh only. The win of Elba in the Great Metropolitan was a bitter blow to the followers of Mark Time; but I must say I for one was glad to see Lord Cadogan's colours carried to victory, as his Lordship has been a plucky patron of the Sport of Kings, with, up to now, diabolical luck. The race for the Chester Cup should now prove a good speculating medium. I am told that Vendale, who won last year, will go very close, but for the actual winner I shall thus early declare for Roe O'Neil, who turns out to be a stayer and not a sprinter, after all.

There has been a lot of foul riding in races of late, and, in the interests of the little boys who do ride fairly, I think a few cautions should be given to those jockeys who are old enough to know better. Perhaps many of the old school of race-goers remember when two jockeys were warned off, some years ago, one for pulling and the other for foul riding. The latter complained bitterly that he should have been punished for trying to do his best for his employer. I firmly believe that many of the jockeys who seemingly ride foul do not do so intentionally or for the fun of the thing, but they take the risk in the interests of their employers. Perhaps a word of caution from owners would work wonders in this direction. It would

never do to check effort and enterprise altogether on the racecourse, but all must be taught to play the game fairly.

Anyone glancing at the advertisements in some of the minor sporting papers will have noticed many names familiar as jockeys and trainers in the columns devoted to tipsters' advertisements. Surely the law is strong enough to prevent this sort of thing, and I commend this paragraph to the authorities at Scotland Yard. For many years a well-known American jockey had his name taken in vain by a certain advertising tipster, and, crueler still, another jockey, who had to stand down for a time, had to announce through the Press that he was not in any way connected with a certain advertising tipster using the same name. I certainly do think that all proprietors of sporting papers should refuse to insert announcements that could by any means lead the public to suppose they emanated from racing notabilities.

Luck runs in streaks. Take the case of Mr. Willie Bass, who is a big find for the Turf. Sceptre won the Duke of York Stakes for him, and Grey Tick captured the Cesarewitch in the same colours. Then Mr. Bass bought Expert II., and the horse has proved a big disappointment over the sticks, while Grey Tick met with an accident in the Great Metropolitan and had to be destroyed. Then take the case of Mr. Robert Sievier. A year or two since, he could not possibly do wrong, either with his speculations or in his purchases of bloodstock. At last, however, the fickle goddess went against him, and his luck during the last year or two has been a caution. There are, at the present time, one or two men making little books in the silver ring at our chief race-meetings who a very few years back ran horses and betted big.

CAPTAIN COE.

The sixth annual golf contest between the House of Commons and the Ranelagh Club took place over the Barn Elms Links on Saturday, the 16th inst.; the legislators receiving a sound beating at the hands of their opponents. Sir Henry Seton-Karr, M.P., who gets the House of Commons team together each year, had at one time every hope of making a good show, but Mr. Eric Hambro, M.P., and Mr. John Kerr, M.P., were unable to play, and, though the team included such fine golfers as Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Right Hon. A. Lyttelton, Mr. Marshall Hall, Mr. H. W. Forster, and Sir Henry himself, Ranelagh won every match. The teams were nine a-side, and the scoring was conducted on the principle of one point for a match and half a point for a bye. In the end, Ranelagh won by nine points and a-half to nothing.



Mr. Balfour.

HOUSE OF COMMONS V. RANELAGH CLUB: THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR AND MR. FISHER SMITH.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A WHOLE week of racing has given occasion for some sore reflections on the uncertainty of all "dead certainties," while absolutely perfect weather brought the smart spring-frocks forth in all their glories. At Epsom and Sandown the lawns and enclosures were as gay as the flower-beds in Regent's Park—and that is saying a good deal—mauve, pink, blue, white, green, and all the graceful gamut of pale-coloured voile or taffetas or the dozen new materials of the season. I noticed quite a number of shepherd's-plaided women, too, that small chess-board effect in black and white which Parisiennes so faithfully follow each *printemps*. One of these little checks was cut up in small flounces to the waist, and had wide bell-sleeves gathered into tight cuffs at the wrist—an early Victorian effect, which was followed by a wide-brimmed *bergère* hat of black Leghorn, from which hung voluminous draperies of white lace and, of course, a floating veil. The little, jointed parasols which belonged to the same period are also reappearing; so are long ear-rings and shoulders that slope. Our fond researches into the past of the 'fifties and 'forties have not yet disinterred white stockings and cloth boots with elastic sides. One never knows how far verisimilitude will carry enthusiastic fashion-workers, however, and we may even come to ringlets and cameo brooches and hair bracelets in the flight of months. Everything is possible to Fashion.

All of which tends to remind one that some absolutely charming spring-gowns are to be seen for the asking and had for the paying from Fisher, of 215, Regent Street, at the moment. A champagne-coloured fine cloth, most elaborately embroidered in pale silks to match, was one of Fisher's new creations; another, of dove-grey

glacé. Perhaps the most alluring of many masterpieces was a gown of lilac-coloured cloth, the bolero opening over a dainty corselet bodice of écrù-embroidered lawn. The hat which went with it was lilac straw, heaped with the blossom of its name in artistic profusion. Fisher specialises in cloaks and mantles of all kinds, his race-coats being



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE WALKING-FROCK IN BLACK CLOTH.



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL GOWN IN GREY.

glacé taffeta, displayed three sets of tiny flounces set at intervals on the skirt; quaint vandykes of the revived herring-bone cord adorned the front panel, which was plain. The circular yoke, arranged with quite small taffeta flounces, was most becoming, and continued to the neck by ivory guipure, which also formed the sleevelets over white

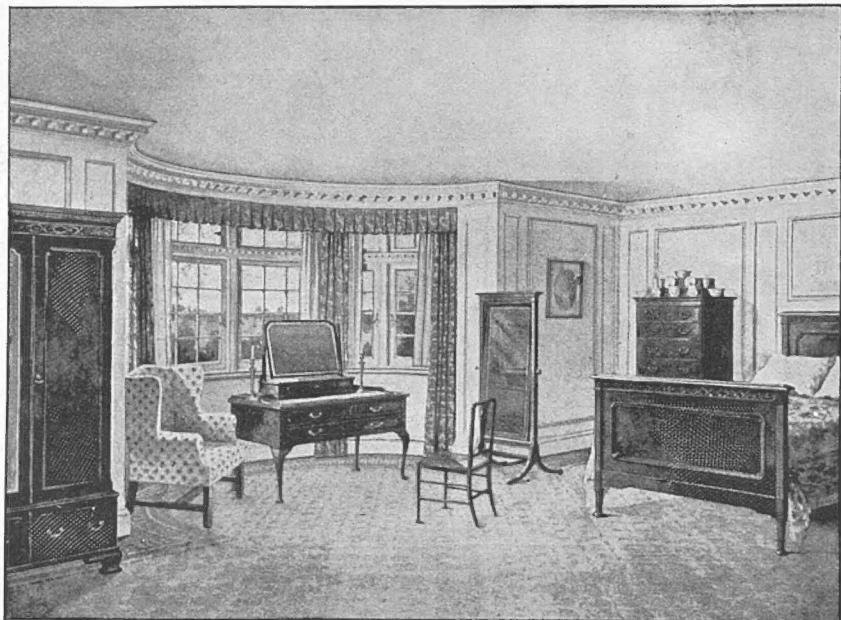
as *chic* as his motor-coverings are original. Women who frequent the gay occasion of the race-meeting may be advised to place themselves in Fisher's hands. All the firm's work is distinctive and smart.

It was thought to be a carrying of coals to Newcastle when Mrs. Pomeroy established a branch of her business in Dublin, the girls of that "car-drivingest city in the world" being notorious for their lovely complexions. It is one thing, however, to have rose-leaf skin and another to keep it, as, with all due respect to the beauties of Hibernia, they have discovered since the Pomeroy establishment was set up in Grafton Street. Here great activity has been going forward in preparation for the advent of Royalty, and it is of interest to those frequenting the now favourite Emerald Isle that the same attention and administrations are obtainable in dear, dirty Dublin as Bond Street in all that appertains to the preservation of youthful appearance or perfect contour and complexion.

When our forbears, being Saxon simple and uncouth, strewed their floors with rushes and lay upon the same o' nights, it would have gone hard with them to realise, even on the most inspired prophecy, that their descendants could cultivate luxury to its present heights and depths of soft living. These men of old ate heavily, slept deeply, drank, no doubt, inexpressibly, and, altogether, had a barbaric and overflowing time. But not for all their gorgeous orgies and highly coloured days can I imagine the well-served mortal of to-day exchanging his more precise and cultured ways of pleasure.

What time comfort was almost unknown and Club arm-chairs undreamed of must have been too Spartan to cheerfully realise in our pampered present, and I would rather rest on a spring-mattress of

Heal's, for instance, than suffer the sleep-destroying contrivances of the most impressive mediævalism. If, as the doctors impress on us, one spends half one's life in a sleeping-room, that area should surely receive at least as much attention as the drawing-room, and, if the ideal bedroom is anywhere to be found, it is at present located at Heal's, in Tottenham Court Road, where the first rules of beauty and hygiene together have been studied with supreme effect. The soft colouring of walls and carpet, the artistic judgment in contrast and



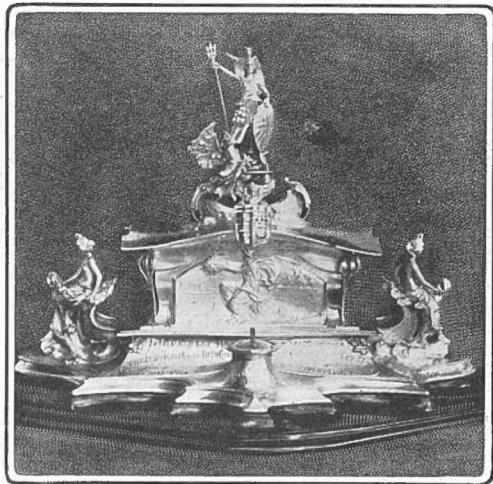
A BEDROOM FURNISHED BY HEAL AND SON.

form of furniture, and, lastly, the evolution of a perfect bedstead, are condensed in one charming room, which every woman of "sense and sensibility" should see for herself. Heal and Son are great in all matters of household handicraft, but in those connected with bedroom fittings and furniture they stand deservedly alone.

SYBIL.

The London and North-Western Railway Company are making important alterations in the train service between London and Manchester and Liverpool, to come into operation on Monday next (May 2). A train will run in each direction between London and Manchester performing the journey in three hours and a-half, thus shortening by fifteen minutes their quickest runs heretofore made, and dining-cars will be attached for first, second, and third class passengers. Other alterations are also being made and various expresses accelerated, and there will be a considerable improvement in the train and boat service between London and Belfast and other parts of the North of Ireland.

The Annual Battalion Smoker of the Artists Rifle Volunteers took place on Thursday, April 14, at their Headquarters, Euston Road. A brilliant array of talent was provided, and among the more notable artists who appeared were Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Irene Penso, Miss Billie Burke, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. George Grossmith junior, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Richard Temple, and Mr. Edgar Coyle. "The King's Musketeers" took this opportunity to present for the first time their new operatic medley by John W. Ivimey, which was enthusiastically received.



SILVER INKSTAND PRESENTED TO THE MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE.

Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire recently held in Montreal. The presentation, which was made in the presence of a distinguished company, including Lord Alverstone and Lord Strathcona, took the form of a magnificent silver inkstand, specially designed and executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of 73, Cheapside, E.C.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

SINCE the South African War, German opinion of Great Britain has been revolutionised (writes *The Sketch Correspondent*). This is most strikingly noticeable in the appreciations that are published of King Edward, at whom the German Press formerly mocked and scoffed. Although His Majesty is believed to be pursuing a foreign policy adverse to Germany, the success of that policy is so manifest that German writers do not hesitate to describe him as the "greatest of living statesmen." King Edward, we are told, towers head and shoulders above the crowd of mediocrities and Court lackeys to whom have been entrusted the destinies of nations. By his policy he has convinced Europe that it has to deal with a new and great statesman. Germans, who are accustomed to monarchical journeys amid loud pomp and circumstance, frankly admit that their policy is a failure, and that without the friendship of Great Britain they can accomplish nothing in the domain of Colonial expansion. They point to the "quieter manner" of King Edward, who eschews far-sounding proclamations, as an example of how a monarch should set to work who hopes to influence the world for the benefit of his country.

I was an interested observer the other day of a young man and his grandfather in one of the best restaurants of Berlin. Their behaviour was an epitome of German table-manners. The young man, dressed in a perfectly fitting suit, handled his knife and fork like an Englishman; but his grand-dad, whom the waiter respectfully addressed as "Your Excellency," was a genuine representative of the old school. Alternately he placed his knife and fork between his lips, and when the plate had been deprived of most of its contents he polished it most assiduously with the bended blade until the last drop of gravy had disappeared. Young Germany is now perfectly aware of the enormity of the offence described by Mr. Snob in one of his opening essays. But it tolerates the "cold steel" method in

older Germany. It is the academic world which proves the least susceptible to Anglo-Saxon table-manners.

Messrs. Leveson and Sons, of 90 and 92, New Oxford Street, and 26, Knightsbridge, have just built for H.R.H. Prince Nares Varariddi of Siam one of their celebrated canoe-shaped perambulators. It is mounted upon tangent-spoke wheels and Cee-springs and upholstered in blue leather, the fittings are silver-plated, and it is provided with a water-proof hood for winter and a light awning for summer use.



CANOE-SHAPED PERAMBULATOR AT MESSRS. LEVESON AND SONS'.

At the St. James's Hall, during the week, Mr. George Mackern (pianoforte) and Mr. Prosper Burnett (violoncello) gave an Afternoon Concert, at which they were assisted by Miss Ruth Howell (violin) and Miss Evangeline Florence. The givers of the entertainment proved to be something more than fairly attractive artists, although we might have wished for a little more distinction in Mr. Burnett's playing; it seemed to us to be a trifle tame, a little lacking in fire. Mr. Mackern played Six Pianoforte Preludes, and showed himself to be chiefly in sympathy with the Mendelssohn Prelude in B-flat Major, and in the Preludes of Chopin. In Bach's Prelude in E-flat Minor, however, he demonstrated his very certain limitations. Miss Evangeline Florence sang Scarlatti's "Se mai giungi" with much charm and beauty; but in her rendering of Mozart's "Vedrai, Carino," one could have wished for a little more sentiment of manner. Miss Florence, however, has a beautiful voice and always gives pleasure to her audiences.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-five (from Jan. 20 to April 13, 1904) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

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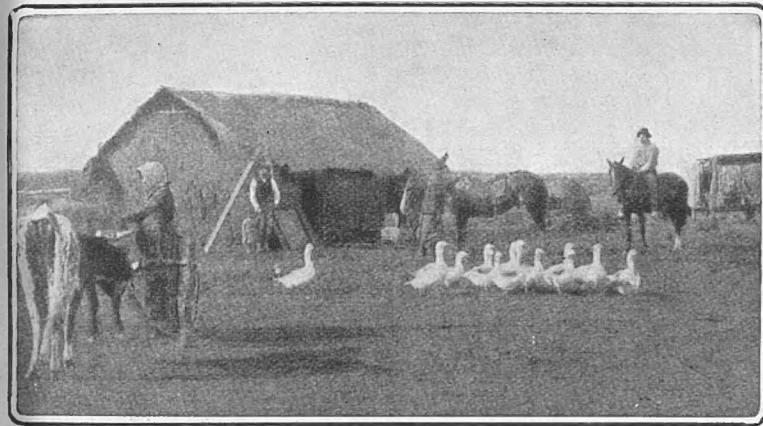
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

SUMMING UP.

MONEY is cheap enough now, and, with a 3 per cent. Bank Rate at last, it will probably go cheaper. But business takes a lot of luring into Throgmorton Street, and the Kaffir Circus grumbles mightily at the inactivity and inertia of the wicked public which will not come and buy things when they are what the market calls low. Evidently some people don't think they are so low, after



A TYPICAL "RANCHO" IN THE PAMPAS.

all, but a further scurry on the part of the Kaffir bears might put prices merrily up again, especially as the supply of stock is none too generous. In the other markets, Consols are upheld by the Bank Rate, but restrained by new issues; Home Rails have commenced marking out a course of their own, and the sharp rise of the last few days will gladden those who acted upon a plain hint given in these columns last week. The Foreign Market leans, as ever, upon the arm of Paris, whose judgment continues to be swayed by the news from the Extreme East. Yankees are spasmodic to a degree, but a growing volume of business is reported almost every day by the Miscellaneous Market.

SOUTH AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

So far from having fallen out of the running with regard to popular favour, Argentine Railway stocks continue to retain most of their recent strength, although the dividends are declared and there is not much to "go for" beyond good traffics. How good these are there is no need to tell the most casual student of financial matters, and at present a very hopeful feeling prevails in the Silver Republic with reference to the next crops. We are able to reproduce a picture of a typical scene on the Pampas, while our other illustration shows one of the tunnels on the Transandine Railway. Little-known South Americans are in unusual demand just now. Puerto Cabellos have spurted upon tardy recognition of the award made to the Company by the Venezuelan Conference. Lima Rails are somewhat overlooked, but the Company's arrangement with the Central Railway of Peru, the concern controlled by the Peruvian Corporation, has already caused the price to harden, and will put the shares better still. Bahia-Blancas have steadily crept up, there being something in the wind that may possibly turn into a working agreement with some big line soon. Buenos Ayres Western new shares, we remarked at the time, were cheap at $1\frac{1}{4}$ premium: the price is now a fraction over 2. These are just a few of the influences making for good in some of the South American Railway stocks and shares at the present time, but they could easily be supplemented with many more had we the space at our disposal for mentioning them.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

To sit gloomily staring at a glass inkpot and six sheets of cuff-paper culled from the Bar in the Consol Market (Tell it not in Capel Court) is an occupation as stale, flat, and unprofitable as jobbing in the Jungle. Wherefore, to your tents, oh Israel, and make your financial bricks, without straw if need be. "Make money, my son," said the oft-quoted old Scotchman, "make money: honestly, if you can, but make it." A young Hebrew friend of mine, who does not disdain the Gentile dog when I ask him the price of East Rands with an air as though a deal were pending—this young friend was shouting at the top of his voice in the Street the other evening. The gentle Gentile expostulated: "You will make yourself hoarse if you kick up that row." His dark eye gleamed with bullish enthusiasm as he replied, "If I don't make myself hoarse, I shall get left in the cart." The words underlined were too emphatic for this equine joke to pass, and, as the shaft struck home, so did I.

Whereas few suppose that Consols will go to 85 again in a hurry, fewer yet can, with the eye of prophecy, see them standing at 95, which would be 19 points lower than their record price achieved in recent years. The banks were all advertising at the end of last week that they would give but $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon money left with them on deposit, and surely it is preferable to get $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. from Consols than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from a mere bank? Incidentally, the average man with a banking account probably wonders every now and then why he should get nothing in the way of interest upon current account. There is, of course, all the extra trouble and expense to which a bank is put with a current as compared with a deposit account; but surely 1 per cent. would cover all that, and then leave a fair margin of profit. No doubt, the City banking-firms are not likely to make any individual move, but one of these days there may come competition in this direction

that will make the clearing banks sit up and see whether they could not allow at least some slight interest upon current accounts. Naturally, the step would bring them a good deal of extra business, and perhaps The Banker of a certain First-Class Carriage notoriety may be induced to say why this thing should not come to pass. Will the City Editor of *The Sketch* kindly make a note of this gratuitous suggestion?

Where were we? Oh, yes; discussing Consols. Well, the price may be considered fairly safe for 90, but whether it will get beyond that for some time to come is a difficult question to decide. One grows sick unto death of hearing about the tons of other gilt-edged stock which are on their way to the Consol Market; but, seeing that they are a factor, the only thing to do is to take things as they come. The public capacity for doing so has extended in a remarkable manner, so far as outward appearance goes, during the past month or so, but it will be an awful mistake if the lid of the gilt-edged jug is lifted too quickly and the contents allowed to pour over the investment markets. Those who underwrite such things may, however, be trusted to protect the general interest in this way, because they were bitten so badly before, that they are not likely to court a renewal of the experience by taking too eagerly whatever issues are set before them.

Four per cent. can now be obtained with safety, and a number of channels are open for those who are content with such a rate. The new Cape 4 per cent. Treasury Bills have four years to run, and are quoted at 99: here is a first-class $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. investment for that period, although, of course, the possibility of a rise is confined to a narrow area. City of Melbourne Fours can be picked up at 101 or so, the dates of redemption ranging from 1915 to 1922. City of Christiania and City of Copenhagen Fours are both to be had at practically par, reckoning the accrued interest, and here again the security is excellent. I have indicated these four, but there are plenty of others equally good, and in the case of bonds there is, of course, no stamp-duty to pay, which constitutes a consideration of rather over $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money employed. Home Rails have drooped in yield as they rose in price, so that the return at present derivable in the cases of the principal Heavies has eased off to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Speculative buying in this market is backing up the investor, and there are all the makings of a boomlet in the Railway Market if prices can be got to hold together for a few weeks longer. Certainly the traffics are not brilliant, but on balance they may be justly called good enough to warrant anticipations of the dividends being at least maintained, if not improved upon, at the end of the current half-year. Some people cannot understand how it is that brokers should charge more commission for an investment order in Home Railway stocks than they do when the client buys or sells for a gamble, but they would have no difficulty in arriving at a right comprehension of the matter if they could but see the difference in the labour and risk involved by the two kinds of transactions.

How the newspapers manage to be so correct, as a general rule, is an unfathomable mystery to most of us laymen. And when they do make a slip, it is generally of so ludicrous a character that the reader is grateful for the kindly thought which wraps a joke in the midst of a serious article. The *Financial Times*, best of the financial dailies in nearly every respect, gravely observed last Friday, "Those who have followed the fortunes of Swan and Edgar, a Company which, after five dividendless years (1902-3—1906-7), has in the last two years brought its Ordinary shares to a $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis," &c. Clever and well-judged as the forecasts of the *Financial Times* usually are, this tangle of contradiction is baffling, and quite beyond my poor wit to unravel. Somewhat on a par with it is the *World's* sapient observation that "an instance of what we may expect is provided in the case of the Anglo-French Exploration Company, which recently had to pass its dividend after maintaining distributions all through the year." Oh, Mr. Duguid!

Anybody who has noticed the better tone that has lately prevailed in the few Egyptian securities which are familiar to the men of Alexandria and Cairo may well ask what will happen if these gentlemen should suddenly take a fancy to speculate in Egyptian mine shares. They are born gamblers, these Orientals, and white hair is not needed for remembrance of the days when they took some of the Delta stocks in hand, putting them up with a rush that took the London market by immense astonishment. And now that the old spirit has begun to reassert itself after a lull of quiet, the chances favour the idea that the Mummy Market may have to reckon with the fellah-investor and the Alexandrian, even perhaps Assyrian, bull. It is a good market for a gamble, that Egyptian.

To gamble. That is a bad infinitive with which to conclude. Yet, if one presumes to "write finance," how is it avoidable in speaking of the Stock Exchange?

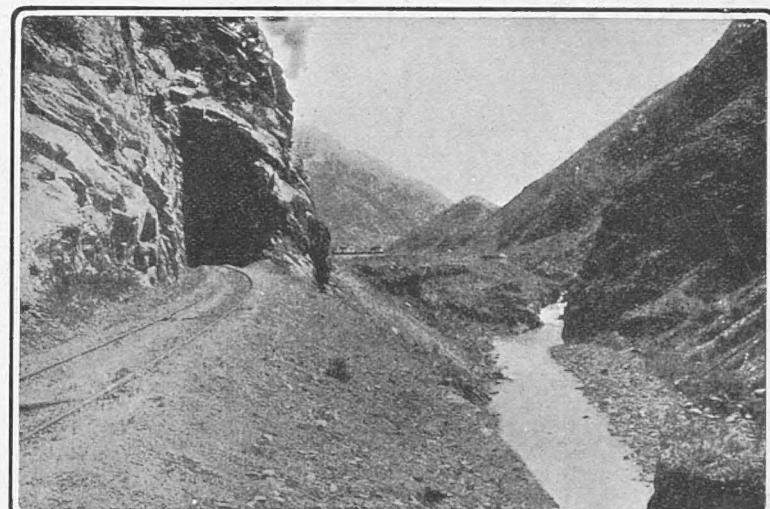
"Who hath given men speech? or who hath set therein
A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?"

Pausing for a reply to the classical question, here resteth

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

POINTS OF COMPANY LAW.

We are continually receiving letters from correspondents which disclose such colossal ignorance of the elementary principles of Company Law that we feel called upon to deal with two, at least, of the most common errors. Many people seem to imagine that when a call is made they have the option of either paying it or allowing their shares to be forfeited, and during the last twelve months we have received many letters asking for our advice as to the *advisability* of paying a call. Everybody who buys a share in a Limited Liability



TUNNEL ON THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY.

Company ought to know that he or she is liable to pay to the Company the nominal value of the share, and that, if a pound share is bought with, say, fifteen shillings already paid, there is no question of the *advisability* of paying up so much of the remaining five shillings as the directors may from time to time call. Such calls are a liability which cannot be escaped, and which can be enforced as easily as a butcher's or a baker's bill. The shareholder cannot avoid payment by allowing his shares to be forfeited; the only effect of forfeiture is to destroy his property, but not to relieve him from his debt. This is the most rudimentary principle of Company Law, and yet the ignorance with regard to it is appalling. Another common case in which correspondents often consult us is in reconstructions, where the shareholder has returned no answer to the various notices, and months (in some cases years) afterwards wants our advice as to claiming his "rights." In this matter the Companies Acts are very technical, but, put shortly, amount to this, that, unless a shareholder dissents in proper form within seven days of the liquidation of the original Company, he must either join the reconstruction or lose his holding, while the liquidator is allowed to fix a reasonable time for joining the reconstruction, beyond which even this right is lost. To write to us months after everything is over and say, as a correspondent did lately, that he "put all the notices in the fire, but surely he can't be thus unjustly deprived of his property," is mere folly. Of a truth, the Legislature has striven to save fools from their own folly by many and ingenious enactments, but even the Legislature cannot preserve those who won't take the trouble to read, or have not the brains to understand the elementary principles of the laws passed for their protection.

WESTRALIANS AND WEST AFRICANS.

To be accused of holding bearish views about West Australians—as we ourselves were accused a few weeks ago—is at once a compliment and a charge. Firstly, a compliment, for it would suppose us to be in closest touch with inside news from the mines; and also an insult for the same reason: insiders have been known to get information about Westralian Mines in a manner not above suspicion. In point of fact, we do our best to be entirely impartial. Happily, several months have elapsed since the last scandal touched this market, and since then the management of so many of the principal Companies has passed into the hands of a firm with a name to lose that recurrences of past incidents may be regarded as increasingly improbable. Nevertheless, it must take time to wipe out the remembrance of comparatively recent scandals, and all who have the real welfare of the Westralian Market at heart must devoutly hope that, under the example of the famous firm just alluded to, the bad régime of old days will not be allowed to return. One singular point

about Westralian shares is the way in which most contradictory reports are circulated with reference to individual properties. The bears say one thing, and, although the rumour may be most strenuously denied, the long-run has too often shown the detractors to be much nearer the truth than the others. Contrariwise, however, it is demonstrable from the price-lists that the Kangaroo Market possesses properties which are apparently just as sound as the high-priced Kaffirs, while they return much better interest on the money than South Africans do. Clearly, the operator in this section should cleave firmly to the Companies of high repute, well-managed and with an abundance of ore-reserves. To buy shares in such concerns is to anticipate with good prospects of ultimate profit the day when the swing of the speculative pendulum carries public attention once more to Westralian shares.

Consideration of the "Joyless Jungle," as we once ventured to dub the West African Market, leads to a fixity of conviction that the one thing above all others needful is for the various Companies to get gold, and the sooner they get it the sooner will some measure of confidence be restored. Again the Wassau has to be debited with disappointing the market in a sense, inasmuch as the report was expected to exhibit a better position. There are still many well-informed holders of Wassaus who stick manfully to the guns of their belief that the Company will in the future reward the most sanguine hopes of its supporters, but the time of waiting damps bullishness sadly. The Jungle Market is far from hopeless, but time and patience are both likely to be wanted even yet before the real payability of the gold industry in West Africa becomes unquestionable.

Saturday, April 23, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ETON.—Sorry we cannot help you. If you will take no notice of circulars from a Company in which you hold shares until months after it has been liquidated, you must not complain because your rights are gone. See this week's Notes.

E. A. C.—Don't sell the Kaffirs just now. Things look promising for a rise, if you will have a little more patience, although you will not get all your money back for a long time. The Westralian concern is being wound up, and is probably a bad egg.

EVERTON.—The following should suit you: (1) John Wright and Eagle Range Pref., (2) C. A. Pearson Pref., (3) River Plate Gas, (4) United States Debenture Corporation Pref. You will get $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for your money, with no serious risk.

O. P.—All Entertainment shares are liable to considerable fluctuation, for the nature of the business is to make big profits or big losses. Hence people want high interest who hold them. Palace, Empire, Drury Lane, and Gaiety are about the pick of the basket.

T. W. R. E.—We believe the Building Society is a sound one. It has a good reputation. Further inquiry shall be made, and, if we see any reason to alter the opinion expressed above, we will say so next week.

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